ENGLISH REVIEW

NEW SERIES DECEMBER, 1931 No. 7.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

25th Year of Publication

NEW SERIES — NO. 7

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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Correspondence

Religious Instruction in Schools

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In a review in your October issue of Mr. Delisle Burns' "Modern Civilization on Trial," Lord Iddesleigh allows himself to use an expression to which strong exception has to be taken. He speaks of "the newer type of compulsory non-religious education." This expression conveys an insult to Local Education Authorities all over the country, and to thousands of God-fearing teachers, who see to it that in almost all council schools a simple form of religious instruction is given to every child whose parents raise no objection. This simple form of religious instruction, which many consider eminently suitable for children, may not be the precise form of dogmatic instruction agreeable to his lordship. But, in view of the present position in Spain, where one ecclesiastical type of religious instruction has been dominant for centuries, he ought to welcome the assistance in the religious instruction of the young of all persons of good-will, whatever their religious denomination.

Yours faithfully,
J. G. LEGGE.

Lord Iddesleigh writes: I never said or implied, or hinted, that English education is non-religious. I do not consider that it is non-religious. I cannot imagine why Mr. Legge accuses me of saying that it is non-religious.

I was not alluding to English education. I was thinking of the systems of education which are compulsory in Russia, Turkey, Mexico and France. These systems differ in many respects from the English.

I fail to understand how Mr. Legge can see an insult to English L.E.A.'s and English teachers in an expression which, as Mr. Legge proves, is quite inapplicable to England. I venture to think that it implies a certain insularity of mind in Mr. Legge.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1931

Current Comments

The New Government.

THE new Government has not made an impressive start. Its pose of an honest man struggling with adversity is disingenuous. The justification for the election lay in the need for a strong Government with a clear mandate to pursue a constructive policy. If the Government when they deliberately appealed to the people as a Government had no policy, they had no right to seek a mandate. That they will be pushed into some kind of rough and ready economic policy by the sheer force of circumstances we fully realize, but here again the moral question is universally ignored. If the Government were convinced that an anti-dumping bill was an immediate necessity, it should have been in the King's Speech. If they were not so agreed, the bill should not have been introduced. Are we seriously to believe what it is necessary to believe if this dilemma is to be avoided? Are we seriously to believe that the Government were not convinced of the need for legislation when they met Parliament, but became convinced not by the numbers but by the arguments of their Conservative supporters?

The Conditions of Survival.

FRANKLY, no one believes this, any more than they believe the arguments of the *Times* that the Government feel themselves without a mandate for a permanent change in our fiscal policy. Everyone knows that the Government are divided on the need for a protective tariff, and equally on the best method of operating an emergency tariff, the question being whether it should be selective or no. We do not complain of these divisions of opinion on these very difficult questions. Men of

good will have always differed on them. What is the subject of legitimate and strong complaint is the attempt of a certain section of the Press to interpret the nation's verdict as a verdict for compromise between policies fundamentally irreconcilable. We do not attack the Government, because the Government have not yet announced their policy. By not doing so they have forfeited a lot of confidence but no goodwill. Honest men of all parties still hope that they will formulate a strong, coherent and effective policy and ask the House of Commons fearlessly for their judgment on it. What it is necessary to say is that if their policy turns out to be a policy of compromise, they will forfeit the confidence of the country, and cannot expect to retain the support of the House of Commons.

The Meetness of Extremes.

NOTHING is more foolish than to try to discredit those who ask the Government for a strong lead as extremists. A man may be extremely right or extremely wrong. The only thing to be considered in the present emergency is the good of the country, and men must seek that good wholeheartedly if they are to secure it. It is futile to base a government on a vague unity of patriotic intention when the only questions at issue are questions of means. What is the Government's policy for restoring agriculture, for reducing unemployment, for restoring the basic industries? What is their policy for averting the threat of anarchy which hangs over Central Europe and, in conjunction with the even graver, pre-existing, situation in the East, is the real cause of the world economic collapse? It is folly to say that these are early days for the Government to have a policy. These questions have been before us for ten years. We are on the edge of a situation so grave and so immediate that vital decisions have to be taken. Men who are not prepared to take them should have

no place, because they will have no weight, in the councils of Europe.

The Nemesis of Coalitions.

THERE are matters here which cannot be discussed by open diplomacy. There are others which must be made the subject of public pronouncements. How much of the responsibility for the disaster of 1914 was due to our failure to announce in unmistakable terms at an early date what our decision would be? This is a question which it is hard to answer. History, however, will certainly not acquit us entirely of responsibility. The Government in 1914 was paralyzed by the fact that it was a Radical–Liberal–imperialist Coalition depending on Labour and Irish support. It was saved from its supporters by its opponents. The present Government is a coalition in name as well as form. Will it surmount the inherent difficulties of its constitution? We hope so. If not, it must give place to a Government labouring under no such difficulties.

Broken Crockery.

LET us be quite clear. We do not seek, or desire, the fall of this Government. The nation has expressed its confidence in the Prime Minister at least as emphatically as in the Unionist leaders. It has, however, asked in unmistakable terms for a period of strong and coherent government—not for a period of compromise, legislation, international conferences and imperial surrender. The unemployed want work. The world wants peace. These things will not be secured by formulæ. They can be secured only by pursuing a concrete and defined policy with ruthlessness and absolute realism. How fatal, how possibly disastrous, the absence of these essential qualities may prove, is shown by the Manchurian affair. The League of Nations chose to ignore the basic factor in the situation, which is that the Chinese Government is a legal fiction; that there are two, if not three, governments

in China; and that none of them can maintain order or control the troops and irregulars who dominate the different provinces. The result of the League's activities has been not peace but war—a war which could have been avoided, and may yet be curtailed if the League ceases to deal with names and begins to think about realities.

Advancing Nescience.

MISS Salaman's " Record " flight to the Cape is but one among many of these spectacular achievements. Happily it has ended well, but the time has come to ask what useful purpose these " records " serve. They exact a heavy toll in valuable lives and they appeal for that reason to the appetite of the public for vicarious excitement. But do they, as is alleged, advance " science "? To pretend that they do is to show a profound ignorance of the facts of the case. The question whether an aeroplane can get from point to point in a certain time depends on factors not within the control of the pilot, if we except the negative factor of human error. In other words, although lack of skill or lack of endurance may lead to failure, neither skill nor endurance can lead to success. Nor do they lead to knowledge when the flight takes place over routes already flown and countries already mapped and surveyed. Moreover, the essence of scientific progress is an extension in the number of predictable events. But these " records " are strictly unscientific. They tell us nothing which enables us to forecast how long the next flight will take, or whether it will even reach its destination.

More Haste less Speed.

THE danger of stressing these " records " is usually overlooked. It lies in the fact that the tests of scientific efficiency are reliability and economy. No new process, whether industrial or commercial, which does not fulfil these twin conditions is progressive. On the

contrary, it is definitely a step backward to produce a machine which costs either in direct money outlay or indirectly in loss of reliability more in proportion to its increased power than is justified economically. How many of our "record" liners, our "super" battleships, our new methods of road and air transport, are in reality anything but retrograde developments? To carry a passenger from India to this country by air costs, for instance (including the subsidy), between £400 and £500. In a time of crisis it might be worth ten times that sum to carry a statesman to India, or a politician to England, in the shortest possible time, but it is definitely not worth the taxpayers' while to bring back private individuals at that cost—nor would nine out of ten of them pay the cost for themselves. Take again the question of road transport. How many people, and how many tons of goods, would go by road instead of rail if they or their owners had to pay for the upkeep of the roads they use and of the police they employ?

Subsidies and Free Trade.

TO take speed or convenience as the only criterion of progress in transport or industry is, in plain English, the certain road to bankruptcy. Speed has its uses, but what those uses are to the public can be judged by one method and one only; that method is the simple one of making the public pay for speed and convenience at what it costs to provide them. This doctrine has to be preached and practised. The concealed subsidies offered by our Free Trade system to many industries are among the first which must be removed. People who talk about tariffs as subsidies overlook the important point that a country which buys, for instance, its iron and steel abroad, when it has the requisite iron and steel within its own boundaries, has to pay for the unemployment and wastage caused by letting its own plant stand idle. In this way the manufacturer who uses the imported raw material is subsidized by the taxpayers.

Protection is a subsidy only when the raw materials are necessarily imported from abroad, and when the consumer is taxed to enable an English manufacturer to make an uneconomic profit.

The Disaster of March, 1918

TWO important books on the Great War have just been published. One is Liddell Hart's long expected biography of Foch,* the other Sir Hubert Gough's "Vindication" of the Fifth Army.† We place the word in quotation marks because, although regimental officers and the rank and file of that army need no vindication, this is much less true of its higher command. There is an interesting link between these two books, for Liddell Hart's "Foch" is not only a biography (and it has been judged by the critics to be a very excellent one) but a study of the higher command in modern war. The conclusion that emerges is that the essential task of the commander, to impose his will through his troops on the enemy, is one which modern warfare renders extremely difficult and which most of the great leaders in the last war, Foch not excluded, usually failed to achieve. Another leader who failed to achieve it was the Commander of the Fifth Army—a fine fighting soldier but a man who failed to solve a technical problem which, in the circumstances of the moment, became all important.

Sir Hubert Gough's Defence

NOTHING is truer than General Gough's submission that the same failure was evident on his right and left, and the fact that on his left the responsibility was at least nominally that of Foch himself explains his indignation at Foch's personal criticisms of him during the course of the battle. All the same, it is difficult to

* Foch. The Man of Orleans. By B. H. Liddell Hart. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 21s.).

† The Fifth Army. By General Sir Hubert Gough (Hodder & Stoughton, 25s).

accept the position that General Gough would have us accept. The machinery of control quite definitely broke down in the Fifth before it did in the Third Army. The attempt of Army, Corps and even Divisional Commanders to fight a running fight by telephone failed and that failure was symptomatic, not merely accidental. It was the same story over fifty miles of front. Every one retreated because some one else had retreated, and this grim and bitter necessity arose because the reserves under the personal control of the Corps and Army Commander were too few and too distant, and these officers themselves were too often inaccessible. It is quite true that Sir Hubert asked for more reserves, and asked for those allotted to be moved closer, and that his request was refused. But this is not to say that the troops who were available were disposed to the best advantage. This is a distinct problem. Still less is it certain that if a General in command of a vital portion of the line is satisfied that his force is inadequate he ought to continue in command.

The Green Curve

BY a curious irony a great deal of the trouble was caused quite inadvertently by the distinguished author of that brilliant book "The Green Curve," from whence was learnt the doctrine that the great General has nothing left to do but fish once the battle is joined. This is true enough, perhaps, of the Commander-in-Chief, though less certailny true in retreat than in the advance. By 1918, however, the doctrine had spread to grotesque lengths. The growth of defence in depth, and the thinning of the front line and the corresponding growth of battalion and brigade frontages (due largely to shortage of men), had left even the company commander a long way from his platoons, while the battalion commander relied in emergency almost entirely on telephone communication. Behind battalion headquarters were brigade, division and corps — three post offices with few, if any, reserves under their command—in any case

with reserves utterly useless for dealing with any **major** disaster **once it had occurred.** These last words give the key to the problem. There is a great deal to be said for an elastic defensive system, with the main body kept in reserve under the personal direction of an experienced general officer. There is nothing whatever to be said for a system which involves nine-tenths of the available effectives in the first encounter under the personal direction of a handful of subalterns.

The Problem of the Future.

IT may seem foolish, and even invidious, to fight these old battles over again. The reason for doing so is that the problem has been intensified by post-war developments, which have increased mobility a hundredfold, and which lead to situations in which instant decisions have to be made by the local commander. If the local commander is to be, usually, a newly-joined subaltern, battles will be lost which should be won.

The Future of Politics.

TWO important books for students of politics were published last month. The first is "The Necessity of Politics," * by Carl Schmitt, Professor of Political Theory in the University of Berlin; the second is Lord Russell's "The Scientific Outlook." † The first is on the whole the better book, and not least for being a quarter the length and a third the price. It is a statement, concise and closely reasoned, of the care for preserving Western civilization from the attacks of economic materialism. Lord Russell's book is remarkable for its frank avowal of the incompatibility of our civilization with the modern "scientific" philosophy. In this matter he and Professor Schmitt see eye to eye to a remarkable extent. Nor is Lord Russell blind to the grave danger of present tendencies. Indeed, he concludes

* Faber, 2s. 6d. net. † Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.

his brilliant and dispassionate review of the tendencies with a satiric account of the new world towards which we are moving, which will live in our language as soon as a humanistic renaissance has bred a generation capable of understanding literature. Lord Russell's admirable book falls short of ultimate excellence by its profound irrationality. Professor Schmitt's less brilliant but more thoughtful book achieves excellence because it is fearlessly rational. Both should be read by all serious students of politics.

The Future of the B.B.C.

WE call attention to the very important vacancies shortly to occur among the Governors of the B.B.C. The recent election has given a fairly clear indication of the public temper. This most important educational instrument must now be brought under proper direction. By this we do not mean Conservative direction, but we definitely mean active direction of a national character. An idea has got about that because the majority of the nation are Conservative and the largest minority Socialist, the control of public institutions of this kind should be vested in people who are neither. This is absurd. The public of all classes is disgusted with the strain of pacifist, anti-religious and faddist propaganda which has come over the ether during the past few years. The land of Shakespeare and Milton and Burke deserves to breathe clearer air. The public is also tired of dons, schoolmasters and ex-Civil servants turned amateur journalists. We do not want to substitute for them an avalanche of fire-eating colonels or "industrial" propagandists. We do want, however, a proper direction by a board of governors of which a clear working majority is prepared to veto tendencious propaganda *in advance* instead of making lame apologies for it afterwards. Above all let us hope that the new Governors will be adequately paid so that the area of choice may be widened to include the most distinguished men in public life.

A Family Affair

ONE instance suffices to show what is happening at present. After writing the last paragraph I turned up the programme for the day and found three talks—one by Professor MacMurray, one by Mr. Gerald Heard, and one by Mr. Vernon Bartlett. These three excellent publicists are as much entitled as I am myself to put their views before the public, and I readily concede that they state their case excellently well. But they represent one and all the " advanced " point of view : Professor MacMurray is admittedly and by open profession an opponent of the present order. In his pamphlet (published by the B.B.C.) on education, he declares openly that his ideal is to uproot from our civic life " the type of character which is strong and disciplined and very tenacious of its habits, ideals and beliefs." A system of training, he says, which produces that type of character " is entirely unsuited to a progressive society." Again, Mr. Gerald Heard believes confidently that society is in a natural state of evolutionary progress. Again, Mr. Vernon Bartlett is a confirmed internationalist and pacifist. What right have men of these views—the views as we now know of a very small minority of the country—to monopolize—or nearly so—the most influential instrument of popular education which this country possesses?

The Open Air

I ADMIT freely that recently there has been a change for the better. Mr. Christopher Dawson, for instance, has been allowed to speak of social and political problems from the Catholic point of view. But—quite rightly—he was described as speaking from this point of view, whereas Professor MacMurray, Mr. Heard and Mr. Bartlett are allowed to speak professorially. This, with the best will in the world, is a scandal. Either the B.B.C. must be run as a propagandist organization, in which case it must propagand on behalf of the majority, which is Conservative, Nationalist, Christian and anti-Socialist, or it must

be required to recast its policy altogether. For ourselves, we believe that State propaganda defeats its own ends. The House of Commons should, however insist that the B.B.C. shall represent in its talks all schools of thought and shall give them representation in rough proportion to their following in the country. It should further insist that when matters of politics, philosophy or religion are concerned, the speakers should clearly state at the beginning of their talks to which school of thought they belong.

A Professor's Creed

TO make this clear, let me write a suitable beginning, chosen, as far as possible, from Professor MacMurray's own words, to his current series of talks on education, adding only the conclusions necessarily drawn from the Professor's premises. It would run as follows :—

I believe that human nature tends to change and to change for the better, and that progress depends on educating the capacity for change. I disagree equally with the view of Burke that human nature does not change and the view of Plato that it tends to change for the worse. Holding such views I am naturally a supporter of the left in politics and I naturally despise and reject all systems of education which tend to teach and fortify traditional habits, ideals and beliefs. Further, I hold that no belief in any field has any warrant whatever which is not experimentally tested, and I then reject as having no warrant all creeds which demand the acceptance of beliefs which by their nature are incapable of being so tested. I therefore reject such dogmas of the Christian Churches as cannot be experimentally tested.

Prefaced in such a way, Professor MacMurray's views would perhaps be listened to by many with interest and certainly with the sympathy to which his sincerity and his conspicuous ability entitle him.

The New Government and the Old Crisis

By the Rt. Hon. The Earl Winterton, M.P.

IT seems to me that public comment has insufficiently been directed to the equal proportion of good and evil caused by the unprecedented majority behind the National Government.

Abroad, in the Dominions, in India and the Colonies, the effect has been unreservedly good. The smashing Parliamentary defeat of Socialism, reinforced by the result of the Municipal Elections, has restored the prestige of this country. In that respect it has eclipsed even the effect of the return of a Conservative Government in 1924, and the defeat of the General Strike. Indeed, we must look to December, 1918, for a parallel. Then, as now, Great Britain was like a swimmer come to dry land, as it seemed, at last after very nearly "going under." With a smiling countenance, too, apparently but little affected by the terrific rigours recently experienced, and unperturbed by, almost heedless of, the struggle still to come. The parallel is indeed exact, almost too exact to my liking. Then, as now, the Prime Minister of the day was, pardonably enough, a little *exalté* at the results of the Election, and the clear marks of popular favour received by him personally. Then, as now, it was almost *lesè majesté* to suggest that there were certain traits of waywardness and extremism in the political character of the King's First Minister, which would make his association with the Conservative Party for any length of time, at least, difficult. Then, as now, such phrases as "The Prime Minister is the man above all others who has brought us out of adversity and will bring us into prosperity," or "In Great Britain's darkest hour of peril, one among our statesmen showed supreme courage," brought resounding cheers from ten thousand audiences. It is almost too cruel to recall (in view of what happened in October, 1922) that then, as now, the

Prime Minister and the Leader of the Conservative Party spoke constantly in public of the mutual satisfaction with which they worked together, and the mutual trust and confidence with which they were inspired.

There followed four years in which the Government made every mistake which it could have made, and lost every opportunity of which it could have availed itself. They were years of great disappointment and disillusion.

Nevertheless, I have no doubt that we were all of us right to support the Coalition, just as we are right to support the National Government to-day. Public opinion at home demanded, and friendly foreigners hoped for, the elimination of party government for the moment. A party government could not have had the authority which the Coalition possessed after the 1918 Election, and which the National Government has to-day.

But though the astonishing size of the Government's majority has had an excellent effect externally, and a re-assuring effect internally, the result in Parliament itself cannot but be deplorable. A Deliberative Assembly, particularly one so steeped in tradition as the House of Commons, simply atrophies if there is no effective opposition. The lack of it makes the best of Ministers vain or careless or over-confident. It breeds, with the prolificacy of a rabbit, caves, cliques and groups within the Government majority. Those Government supporters who are not disposed to join such associations, speedily become bored with the tediousness of it all, and absent themselves, first from the Chamber, and then from the House altogether. Like lazy voters in a safe seat they say, " What does it matter? The issue can't be in doubt."

I was in the 1906 Parliament. At first we on the Opposition Benches were a little overawed by the physical size of the forces against us. Even Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour were not quite at their ease. Soon, we realized what an advantage this majority was to us. In almost every important debate the Government was

embarrassed by speeches from the Liberal back benches. These speeches came from all sorts and conditions of Members, but largely from those who had won seats which they knew they could not, in any conceivable circumstances, retain at the next election; the admonition of the Whips had no fears and no meaning for such people. I attribute the remarkable loss of seats sustained by the Liberal Government after the 1906 Election, until the famous 1909 Budget altered the whole aspect of politics, largely to the disturbance and injury caused by the "Back Benchers" supporting it. One may concede that these men were only reflecting the disappointment felt outside at the meagre benefits resulting from a government so firmly entrenched. But the fact remains that they did great mischief. Of course, the danger is immensely enhanced when the majority is so largely of one party, and the Government consists of men from three parties.

I need not, however, continue my narrative of parallels and precedents nearly all deadly. It is sufficient for my purpose to have stated the disadvantages, as well as the advantages, of the situation; it is only by frankly realizing the former that the public and Parliament can meet the situation. That done, one can go on to discuss the meaning of the authority with which the electors have invested the Government.

No one contends that any but a few supporters of the Government were elected by the votes of one party. In that sense, and also because of the preponderance of votes cast for the Government, it is a "National" majority. But the statement requires some qualification and must be considered in the light of pre-existing conditions. I do not consider that at least one leading journal, which supports the "National" idea with a sort of bleak "mugwumpery," has stated the position honestly. For instance, there is constant reference to the cases of Sir Herbert Samuel and Sir Donald Maclean. Both these gentlemen owe their seats to the support or forbearance

of Conservative voters on the advice, tacit or otherwise, of Mr. Baldwin. Whether this advice was right or wrong does not concern me. The point is that a special appeal (at any rate in Sir Herbert's case) produced special results. There are no cases, so far as I am aware, of any leading Conservatives, in or out of the Government, owing their election to Liberals, even though Liberals voted for them. Indeed, Sir Herbert Samuel seems to have done his best, directly or vicariously, to unseat Mr. Winston Churchill and other Conservative holders of seats; happily he was completely unsuccessful. Sir Herbert's attitude towards Simonite candidates seems to have been equally infelicitous and equally infructuous. An analysis of the returns shows that Conservative candidates (unhampered by the peculiar disabilities of Captain Graham and Mr. Williams) had little difficulty in most seats, where such contests arose, in beating both Liberal and Labour supporters of the Government.

I do not wish to say anything to depreciate the undoubted value of the Prime Minister's name as an electoral asset. But the result does show the trend of the voting to have been strongly to the right. Some Liberals in my Constituency were offended because, whilst asking for support for the National Government, I said that the country had been brought to its present pass by two years of Socialism in office, supported, with a few honourable exceptions, by the whole force of the Liberals in Parliament. What I said was true, and a majority of the voters of Great Britain shared my opinion.

For let us never forget the situation before the crisis in August. The Socialists openly admitted that when the election came they would lose at least 80 seats to us, whilst the Liberals were prepared to lose 20 to 30. Among the seats which would have gone, would have been Sir Donald Maclean's and Sir Herbert Samuel's; a Protectionist would have won both.

I do not like the habit which has grown since the war in this country, and is conspicuous in some quarters which

support the Government, of concealing unfavourable facts in order to promote amity. This process may be called tact, but there is also an uglier name for it.

That the electors on October 27 strongly condemned the dishonesty and evasiveness of the members of the Socialist Cabinet who deserted their posts is evident. But they went further. They signified their vehement indignation with the conduct of a Party which, for the second time, subordinated its freedom of action to an outside body in the shape of the Trades Union Council. I am convinced that the remarkable ovation given to their Majesties the King and Queen in a theatre on the night after the election was not an unwise and improper attempt to connect the interests of the Crown with the victory of a Party, or even a group of politicians of all Parties. Rather, it was the manifestation of the same sense of relief which was felt after the Armistice and after the General Strike.

Subconsciously the public feels that the Constitution, as expressed in the term " the King in Parliament," is in danger when an outside organization seeks to exert an authority equal to, or greater than, that of Parliament over Members of the House of Commons. The re-iterated statements by prominent Socialists for years past, to the effect that the Labour Party is as constitutionally-minded as any other Party, have once again been shown to be plainly untrue; it would be well if the editors of the monthly and weekly journals of the Left in this country who covertly sympathize with the Socialists, without openly declaring for them, and are indignant at any hint of a charge of revolutionism brought against their friends, heeded this fact in future.

Above all, the instructions of the electorate were for drastic and thorough action to deal with the adverse trade balance; they demanded also that the obviously unfair handicaps from which British production, both industrial and agricultural, has been suffering for many years, should be removed. They did not, in every case, specify

the remedies which should be applied, but that there was a strong bias towards tariffs no one can deny. In hundreds of constituencies where the candidate supporting the National Government was successful, he or she, whilst supporting the policy of the "free hand," openly professed preference for the policy enunciated by Mr. Baldwin last summer. If that does not give to the members in question the right to vote for tariffs in this Parliament, there is no meaning in the term "electoral mandate." Indeed, the desperate endeavour during the election of certain Liberals, including, one was sorry to see, Lord Grey, to prevent tariffs from being advocated, was a realization of the fact that their advocacy entitled the candidate who supported them to vote for them, if elected, in the new Parliament.

But action—swift, sure and decisive—is the essence of the contract which the electors have made with us on the Government benches in Parliament. If we break it, or allow the Government to break it, there will be a defeat of the Government and its supporters at the next election in the same proportions as that of the Socialist Party at the last election.

A shrewd observer recently said to me, "If you do not do something which the public will accept as adequate, it will not matter by what name a candidate calls himself at the next election; he may call himself a Socialist, an Independent, a member of the New Party, or even a Communist. If he has a clear run against a Government candidate, he will, in most constituencies, win."

That that action must almost inevitably include tariffs, and that there is almost no instance, as Mr. Lloyd George so naïvely states, of a country discarding tariffs once it has adopted them, is no doubt unfortunate for Sir Herbert Samuel and his immediate following. But if he is placed in a position of having to choose between resignation and accusations of gross inconsistency he will only have himself to blame because of his speeches at the election.

In the laudable desire to avoid embarrassment to the Government forces, the Press, in general, has failed to point out that not all Liberals discard a permanent tariff system. The present Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, acting no doubt as the spokesman of all his followers, made a speech before the Dissolution in favour of tariffs, and Imperial Preference. Though he was advocating them to meet an emergency, it can hardly have escaped the notice of so shrewd an observer that Parliament could not confer on the Dominions and Colonies the great advantage of a wide extension of Preference for a limited period only. Once given, the boon could not be taken back. Thus the defection of the "Samuelite Liberals" would not, either numerically or morally, greatly weaken the National front.

The youth of the country is on the side of action, and has supported the Conservative portion of the National forces with unmistakable enthusiasm. It has always, in my opinion, been wrongly supposed that youth has a tendency to support the Left because the young are sentimental and humanitarian, and find such qualities on the Left. Youth is generally far more cynical than middle or old age. Youth formerly supported the Left because it naturally believes in action and innovation. To-day, the outlook and policy of Socialism and Liberalism alike is static. It is the Party of the Right, the Conservative Party, which is in favour of action.

Though his diagnosis may have been imperfect, some of his facts inaccurate, and not all of his remedies immediately feasible, Lord Beaverbrook's campaign met with a great response among those in their twenties, because it offered a big ideal, construction, and progress. Many of these young men and women had been taught to forget the Empire by their elder brothers and sisters—the immediate post-war youth; the latter imitated, unconsciously, but with precision, the decadent youth of France in the "bad years" after 1870. Nothing mattered in one's private life, they said, except to do as one wished. As

for the country and the Empire, patriotism was a danger and might mean another war. Therefore, forget about Great Britain and Greater Britain and its alleged interest, and if you want to support anything, give your adherence to some form of Internationalism, with always a sympathetic eye to Bolshevist Russia in the background.

Fortunately the young men and women of to-day, by which I mean those under 30, have very different ideas. They voted, in an overwhelming majority, for the National Government, and they look for a return in the shape of lasting and beneficial results, coupled with a more robust attitude towards world problems. They do not believe in that pernicious anæmia in International relationship from which so many of our statesmen have suffered since the war. An immense opportunity and responsibility rests upon the Prime Minister, greater in fact than even Mr. Lloyd-George had after the election of 1918.

To parody Bismarck's alleged reference to Disraeli, is it the fact that "the old Scotsman means business"? If he does, the latent doubts still existing about his character and poiltical antecedents will vanish. So, too, will many of those difficulties to which I have referred in an earlier portion of my article.

If, to use a homely, but most useful phrase, the Government "gets on with the job" at once and always, right up to the next election, cave-dwelling will be neither easy nor profitable for recalcitrant or disappointed Conservatives.

Some of the omens are favourable. The much-quoted speech by the new Minister of Health on the theme that we had only six months in which to "save our bacon," and his clear indication of the way to do it, was exhilarating; we are all tired of generalities.

Again, the tone and texture of the remarks made by Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd in moving the address, were not only admirable in themselves, but showed clearly the mood and intentions of Conservatives on the Back Benches.

On the other hand, in his two speeches, at the Guildhall and on the first day of the new Parliament, the Prime Minister made the vaguest and thinnest references to the real problems and the remedies for them.

Possibly before these words appear in print, a definite decision will be announced; but the delay of even a fortnight or three weeks in making such an announcement will damage the prestige of the Government at the start, and is, indeed, calculated to shorten its life.

How to tell a Tory

By Osbert Burdett

IT was, to quote from memory, in *Courage in Politics** that the poet who prophesied (in the 'eighties) the coming of prohibition in effect observed: "I do not mind what political opinions a man may hold so long as he has Tory tastes."

What are these tastes? For by a man's tastes, in other matters also than in his friends, does he reveal his character to us most truthfully. It is important to know, because the term Tory—precisely in so far as it has lost a political and party significance—has gained in quality. Party labels quickly become worn, and quickly clipped, by more or less dishonest use in the political market; whereas terms now old, and no longer in daily political currency, find in the passage of Time itself a refiner's fire: the principle for which they originally stood becomes cleared of the dross of uncritical, popular handling. We recover the male ore: the man, the character, the type, the temper to which it was applied or by whom it was first invented, stands discovered. If, as Dr. Johnson thought, the first Whig was the devil, the first Tory, clearly, was he against whom the devil rebelled.

The perfect Tory, therefore, is not to be found among men; for the perfect Tory is a divine character. Yet, because our chief duty to-day is "to dig again the wells that the Philistines have filled," it is well to remember that Dr. Johnson himself is only our most popular, not our most inclusive, Tory specimen. His contemporary, Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, was a Tory every whit as true, and the famous *Letters to His Son* ought always to be read upon the heels of Boswell and of Johnson if the reader would transcend a limited, a one-sided, in truth a misleading, conception of the Tory character. The uncouthness of the Doctor needs

* *Courage in Politics* and Other Essays: 1885–1896. By Coventry Patmore. Now first collected, with a bibliography of his prose, mostly anonymous and unreprinted. By F. Page. (Milford.) 1921.

to be corrected by the counsels and by the practice of the Earl; just as the latter's philosophic calm (which made him prefer the *fecunda quies* of a scholar's leisure to the donkey-collar work of remaining Lord Lieutenant of Ireland after his brief, but glorious, tenure of that exacting office) needs to be tempered by the vigour of the more combative lexicographer. A character which, without alloy from the defects of either, combined the virtues of both, would be the perfect Tory: a far more splendid creature than any pretentious little Superman.

The Tory character is human, to its roots; and only because we have confused means with ends, have denied a Use because, in proportion to its importance, abuse of a Use becomes conspicuous, do we tend to forget that the Tory character is congenital to the human baby.

Thus, the afore-mentioned paper on *Courage in Politics* begins :—

> All men are born believers in aristocracy. Who is there—out of the House of Commons—who does not hold the fundamental dogma of politics, that the best should govern?
>
> Modern democracy means nothing but the possession of the elective power by ignorant aristocrats: by those who desire that the best should govern, but who have no sufficient means of discovering the best.

From the philosophers of Plato's ideal Republic to the fox-hunting squires of pre-industrial England—the last of whom only perished with the recent death of that good, if limited, poet and eccentric man, the public-spirited breeder of Arabian horses, Wilfred Scawen Blunt—*all* types and *all* classes have, later or sooner, betrayed their believers. Perfection and progress are not possible to sinners; but the least unsatisfactory, the least quick to disappoint, is instinctively recognized to have, probably, some element of inherited virtue. New men are welcomed to re-invigorate, or to replace, degenerating old families; but none, except the newest of the new themselves, believes new blood to be inferior to new wine: denies that both tend to become better with age, on this side of senescence.

With the triteness of this Tory axiom clearly before us, and forgetfulness of commonplaces is the price invariably paid for excessive curiosity about novelties of fact and speculation, the alphabet of Tory tastes begins to be conveniently decipherable.

If a revolution swept over Europe; if all that we have known should go under, what would a man with such tastes most miss in this catastrophe of " progress "?

With the triumph of the Whigs—another term grown valuable since its party-significance has faded— the devil would be master; and the famous kingdom of Pandemonium, on which so many happy hopes have centred, would have come. The rule of law would pass as the lord of misrule assumed the pose of authority, and we should all be flung into the hot water for which so many sincere revolutionaries have given their lives. Authority, the life of life as its corruption is the death of institutions, would dissolve into an anarchy of rival interests. The Monarchy would go, and the anarch, in one (or in many) of his thousand-headed forms, would multiply by fission among us. An attempt, like that in Russia, would be made to obliterate the past, by which we chiefly live; and, when this abstract ideal to start all over again had become too pregnant with confusion, a compromise with the past would be imposed, as under the Five Year Plan; in the hope and intention, of course, that this sad expedient would be temporary.

With the Monarchy expunged; with authority dethroned; with confusion fulfilling the Aristotelian contention that a dictatorship would then be ached for; the most sacred of secular institutions, private property, would either be submerged or else retained so modified and so regimented that either the " servile state " would ensue or, after immense disorder, private property would be proved, eventually, as Tories have maintained since Adam was first endowed with a garden, an institution co-natural with Man. The case for private property, like that for most elementary things to-day, needs an honest

re-statement, for when, as in all the much industrialized countries, property has become concentrated in hands most dangerously few; when the mass of the people have no longer the memory, even, of possession; their thwarted and rightful instinct to own; their very natural undercurrent of hatred for the system of subsistence by wages only: all this produces a condition so unwholesome that the repudiation of the very idea of private property becomes the easy (though inaccurate) inference; and the remedy proposed is socialism: the (theoretical) expropriation of us all.

Here the blackbearded Shylock has something better worth biting on now—than when, in the form of an accepted platitude, he made it to men for whom it was, still, a matter of course:—

DUKE:

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine . . . .

SHYLOCK:

Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:
You take my house, when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; *you take my life*
When you do take the means whereby I live.

This is the real reason why, in Christendom, offences against property have been liable to penalties more severe than the penalties for offences against life and person: the reason why theft and robbery have been, somewhen, condemned no less fiercely than assault, than battery, than even manslaughter; and it is, intellectually, amusing therefore to learn the severity, at this moment, with which Fascism, on the one hand, punishes the absentee and unproductive landlord (who is liable to expropriation), and the shooting said to be meted in Soviet Russia to those found guilty of (in the philosophy

of Communism) parallel political (which means, there, economic) crimes. Such passages in Shakespeare, by the way, prove, also, how rash have been those who judge his measure of Christian faith and belief from the soliloquies of Hamlet only; and how easy it would be to collect the evidence, implied in the very ethical structure of his dramatic assumptions, for the inherited and acquiescent axioms of Christendom in the heart and in the marrow of his thought.

These, then—the Monarchy, authority, law and order, private property—are the institutions that a man with Tory tastes would first miss if the present threatening collapse of European civilization should come to be. With these, giving to them their root, their beauty and their health, would go, likewise, all the colour and the wholesomeness that flower from the soil; for Europe is human enough to be, in its substance and in its texture, agricultural. The bent figure at the plough is still our symbol of eternal humanity, upon this mortal earth. We should be made (however temporarily) to sacrifice all this to an urban, indeed, to a suburban, sciolism. The pitiful product of a propertyless urban and industrial proletariat would be the type (God help him!) of Man; and the bewildered victim of sixty years of compulsory and secular (which means Materialist) education, book-fed and nonsense-crammed by commercially-minded newspaper proprietors (whose greed for revenue-producing advertisements is as conscienceless as it is corrupting) would be driven, like the silly sheep into which they have been degraded, into the inferno designed for them by the Industrial hot-gospellers of Detroit or of Carmelite Street. The distinction between these and the mechanic type, so dear (or once so dear!) to the untethered kite of Mr. H. G. Wells's pretty but unsubstantial and ever-changing cloud-like fancies, is small; and the prospect that agriculture in America, unhappiest of countries, and in Russia, the land now of the most desperate hopes, can, like industry, be industrialized, is as reassuring to Tories as

would be the news to Mr. Hilaire Belloc that—coal had been found in Sussex.

The quick-witted would be worshipped as were, formerly, the wise; and we should be taught, very soon, to appreciate the difference between them.

This raises a very important question, which both Signor Mussolini and Mr. Stalin have already had to allow for. Can it be ignored, very much longer, in poor old England?

The question is this:—

What attitude is statesmanship to adopt toward these quick-witted ones; how much license is still to be allowed to our own intellectuals? For worse as well as better, Jean Jacques Rousseau is now given his proper rank: the dizzy height of having been the chief person to invent the doubts by which the political and ethical philosophy of the nineteenth century was enabled to undermine tradition. The price of his influence Europe is now paying, to the last farthing; and, to-day, our admiration for the exquisite style, which caused his ideas to be adopted uncritically, no longer blinds us to the fruits that this hasty adoption has produced.

It is not, perhaps, for any writer to advance any suggestion for dealing with a problem of which his own existence is a part. The statesman, could we find him, trust him, and agree to obey him, has the burden of that decision. A writer can only forestall two possible mis-inferences. First, the abuse of liberty of thought will not be solved by a blind reaction, as stupid, into the suppression of too strict a censorship. Second, criticism will never be silenced; even if the murder of all critics were desirable. Somehow, nonetheless, our intellectuals must be taught responsibility, as the doctor and the barrister, and the solicitor (however imperfectly) already are.

How this is to be done is the statesman's problem.

The writer, like the statesman, needs three virtues: learning (that begins where knowledge stops); judgment

(which implies a sense of proportion); courage (without which nothing ever can be done); in one word, a sense of personal responsibility. Now, these three virtues are not abstract, not cerebral (as so many of our urban intellectuals seem to imagine); they are concrete, human and nourished less by reading than by contact with the soil in nature, and with the affections in life. The country, not the city, is their foundation and their nurse; and the fruits of the country are their nourishment.

It is no accident, therefore, that they are strongest in the countries of the vine, that wine and bread are the symbols (in both senses) of such culture. The man of Tory tastes will do his utmost to defend wine, and, since our English vines are hops, beer, and home-grown food, and the weed of consolation, tobacco; and will spue out the canned and foreign or (wherever produced) alien substitutes or prohibitions that have invaded us; his repudiation being based upon the experience that such foods and fads have physically harmed, and have mentally and spiritually poisoned, the Europe now in peril of destruction.

The Balkans—Yesterday and To-Day (I)

By H. Charles Woods

FOR many years prior to the outbreak of the world war the Balkan Peninsula had been Europe's greatest "Danger Zone." This was due to two main conditions. The Balkans formed the main or only highway from Europe to Asia and from Russia to the Mediterranean, and for that reason the control of this area was coveted by several of the Great Powers. And then the Peninsula accommodated a number of usually rival nations and peoples, the subject races of the Turkish Empire were discontented, and these circumstances led to local strife, often encouraged by Russia, by Austria-Hungary, and later by Germany, who stood to gain by unrest. The Russo-Turkish War of 1877–78 brought no improvements, the Turkish Constitution of 1908 proved a farce, and the Balkan campaigns of 1912–13 left Germany all powerful in Turkey and most of the Balkan States so disappointed and divided among themselves that they were ready to resort to any measures likely to lead to a redress of their grievances. During the Great War, the Central Powers realized this state of affairs more clearly than the Allies, they secured the all-important support of Turkey and Bulgaria, and these and other successes led to the deflection of Russia and to the material prolongation of the struggle. In the end, however, the declarations of allied war aims, the defeat of Turkey, and the capitulations of Bulgaria and Austria made the Near East the scene of the termination as it had been the occasion of the outbreak of the war.

Speaking generally, two main schools of thought were represented at the Peace Conference, namely, those believing in the principle of nationalities and those considering that, whatever had been their provocation, all the lesser ex-enemy States should pay the extreme

penalty of their war policies. The result was the adoption of a series of compromises, many of which have inflicted serious hardship upon some of those concerned. Austria, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia appeared out of the ruins of the Dual Monarchy, Roumania became the largest and Jugoslavia the second largest country under discussion, and Bulgaria, once strong among her neighbours, is now one of the smallest States in the Balkans. Turkey, who at one time seemed destined practically to disappear from the map of Europe, managed to defeat Greece in the Anatolian war, which lasted from 1919 until 1922. As a result she regained almost all the European territory which was hers in 1914, and obtained favourable treatment in regard to the Straits and to various other questions into which it is impossible to enter here.

The Peace Treaties and the events by which they were accompanied or followed have thus created entirely new international and local conditions with regard to and in the Near East. Although extremely active commercially, Germany is unable to play an international political rôle, the Austria-Hungary of yesterday is gone, Russia is temporarily occupied at home, and Turkey is a much less useful field for intrigue than heretofore. Ignoring the friendships of France and of Italy and the Bolshevik attitude towards the Roumanian ownership of Bessarabia, to which allusion will be made below, the influence and objectives of the Great Powers are now less far-reaching than before the war. This makes for peace, because the various smaller States are no longer mere pawns upon the international chess board and because they are unlikely to receive encouragement in any extreme aggressive designs possibly to appeal to them. On the other hand, the existence of great Empires tended towards stability and economic prosperity, and their disappearance or reduction in size have increased the area, which can now be described as "Balkanized." Thus, even if we ignore the four Baltic States and Poland, practically the whole of Central Europe, besides the

Balkan Peninsula itself, now fall within that category and the area involved is consequently far larger than heretofore.

A new spirit pervades and new conditions exist in all the smaller post-war States. Whatever may be the political colours of the various governments, feelings of nationalism are rampant everywhere. From the political standpoint this means that, although nobody advocates renewed war, the victors and their friends are determined to maintain the existing *status quo*, the vanquished living in a hope of an early or ultimate revision of the Peace Treaties. Alongside these sentiments, the various peoples have a considerable amount of confidence in themselves; up to a point they believe far more in their own equality with the Great Powers and they know that they must try to stand on their own political legs. Commercially and economically the post-war partition of Central and Eastern Europe has led to an increase in the number of tariff walls and to financial difficulties, which may be unavoidable, but which are none the less unfortunate. For example, Austria-Hungary was a sound economic unit, in which the one part was capable of supplying most of the requirements of the other. Instead of this we have the more or less highly industrialized Czechoslovakia, the largely agricultural Hungary, and the formerly Austrian or Hungarian sections of present-day Roumania and Jugoslavia, which used to depend upon home and must now rely upon foreign manufactured goods. Something is being done to overcome these difficulties by the conclusion of a series of special commercial treaties. The real solution of the problem lies in this direction and in an economic bargaining between the several parties. Such a solution, embracing, among other things, an exchange of foodstuffs for manufactured goods, would be far better than an attempt to bolster up industries in countries where prosperity really depends upon agriculture.

The political problems connected with Central and

Eastern Europe are partly bound up with and partly more or less separate from those of the West. The millennium has not been reached, the edifice of permanent peace has only been imperfectly constructed, and present-day conditions are governed partially by a new and partially by the old system of diplomacy. Within the first category, and whatever may be its real powers over and in the greater countries, the League of Nations certainly has a material influence in all the smaller States. They like their membership, which provides the opportunity for regular meetings and exchanges of ideas upon world affairs, several of them have received financial assistance through the medium of Geneva, and the League is an authority to which an aggrieved party can appeal in time of need. Indeed, whilst this body may not actually have enhanced its prestige as a result of the Græco-Italian crisis regarding the Corfu affair of 1923, its existence gave time for negotiations, and for that reason it was at least partly responsible for the maintenance of peace. Far more important is the case of the so-called Petritch incident on the Græco-Bulgarian frontier in 1925, for then the League apportioned the blame and the penalty and certainly prevented war. Furthermore, whereas such arrangements are perhaps of less far-reaching significance than the League, the Eastern Locarno Pact of 1925 (under which treaties of arbitration were signed between Germany and Poland and Germany and Czechoslovakia, and of mutual guarantee between France and Poland and France and Czechoslovakia) and the Kellogg Pact of August 1928 (under which war was renounced as an instrument of national policy) are, undoubtedly, indications of the more reasonable and present-day atmosphere.

From the standpoint of the old diplomacy, after the United States had refused to enter the League, and to be a party to a British-American-French Treaty of Guarantee, France attempted to secure her position by the encirclement of Germany, and this attempt has been accompanied and followed by Italian efforts actuated by somewhat

different reasons. With the object of maintaining the *status quo* in Central and Eastern Europe and of keeping the countries which furthered or gained something from the Allied victory within her orbit, France encouraged the formation of the Little Entente in 1920 and 1921, she entered into an alliance with Poland in the latter year and, in or since 1924, she has concluded Treaties of Guarantee and Mutual Security with Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia. As an offset to these arrangements, and in order to protect herself in the wider and the local arenas, Italy has entered into treaties of various kinds with Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, Hungary, Austria, Turkey and Greece; she has become the *de facto* protector of Albania, and the marriage of Princess Giovanna of Italy to King Boris of Bulgaria, though undoubtedly a love affair, may have a certain influence. Generally speaking, the Italian treaties, in several instances concluded with States who favour revision and therefore more or less in support of the revisionist movement, were always less important than those to which France is the principal partner. Nevertheless, they were conceived with the purpose of proving a useful, general and local counteraction to the French *bloc*; Austria, Hungary, and Bulgaria stood to be helpful in Central Europe, and Turkey and Greece may each be valuable in case of trouble in the Mediterranean or Adriatic. That was the position until the earlier part of last summer. It has since been materially modified, and France is certainly now paramount in Central and Eastern Europe as a result of a skilful exploitation of her financial position. Indeed, the power of the franc has recently been largely responsible for preventing the realization of the customs union between Germany and Austria; Hungary, in urgent need of a loan, procurable only in France, has been forced from the Italian political into the French economic camp, and Jugoslavia, in a more or less corresponding position, has been brought completely within the French financial group. French diplomacy usually supports

French economic interests, and French domination is now widespread, largely as a result of financial dictation. But neither individuals, peoples or governments continue to look with favour upon those into whose monetary grasp they have been forced by circumstances. Unless, therefore, the advantages just secured by France are handled with tact and care, she may yet find that her debtors show less permanent gratitude than is perhaps now due by them.

Leaving the Little Entente, consisting of Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Roumania, and the future of the Straits for discussion in a second article, there remain two far-reaching international problems connected with or bearing upon the Balkans. I refer to the questions of Bessarabia and the Adriatic. Bessarabia, situated between the Rivers Dniester and Pruth and on the Russo-Roumanian frontier, has been the cause of constantly recurring ill-feeling. In 1813, and therefore long before the independent existence of Roumania, the province was transferred from the Ottoman Empire to Russia; in 1856 a portion was restored to Moldavia, still under the suzerainty of the Sultan, and in 1878, when Roumania had been of material assistance to Russia, that country (Roumania) not only failed to secure the whole of Bessarabia, but she lost the section, which as part of Moldavia, had been hers for twenty years. Roumania never forgave Russia for this treatment; it was no doubt largely responsible for her adherence to the Triple Alliance in 1883 and, for more than two years, this question was one of the primary reasons for preventing her from throwing in her lot with a group of Powers, of which Russia was one.

When Roumania was induced to enter the war in August, 1916, largely as a consequence of the promise of territorial concessions, principally at the expense of Austria-Hungary, the future of Bessarabia temporarily disappeared into the background. But, in the early summer of 1917, the whole situation was modified by the Russian Revolution, and the local inhabitants

demanded an autonomy, then intended to leave them within a federated Russian Republic. Later on a Bessarabian Assembly voted in favour of a qualified form of union with Roumania; this union was re-voted, now unconditionally, directly after the Armistice and the Roumanians claimed the province during the Peace Conference. The Russians refused to recognize these claims or the existing *status quo*, and the Supreme Council used the question as a means of bargaining with Roumania upon other questions then under discussion.

In October 1920 Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan signed a treaty with Roumania, by which they recognized the sovereignty of that country over Bessarabia. As soon as its existence became known, the Soviet authorities protested on the grounds that the Allies were claiming to allocate territory which they did not possess, and a Russo-Roumanian conference, held in Vienna in 1924, broke down because of Roumania's refusal to discuss the Bessarabian question, which arose again in connection with the Kellogg Pact. Russia immediately agreed to become a party to that instrument but the Soviet Government made a reservation that it considered, among the non-peaceful means forbidden by the Pact, must be included such means as a refusal to re-establish peaceful normal relations or the rupture of such relations between peoples. This reservation was obviously intended to exclude the Bessarabian question from the scope of the Peace Pact so far as Russia is concerned, and it clearly applies to and modifies the so-called Litvinov Protocol, signed in February, 1929, and under which Russia and her neighbours undertook to put the Kellogg agreement into immediate operation.

The position is therefore unique, and the problem may again become acute as a result of national or international causes. The Allied-Roumanian treaty has been ratified by Great Britain, France, and Italy, but not by Japan. Roumania has been in control of the province since 1918, and Roumania and Poland have an alliance, under which

each of these States is bound to assist the other in case of an unprovoked attack on their present Eastern frontiers. On the other hand, Bessarabia is, I believe, the only part of Europe which has changed hands as a result of the war without the formal consent of the country to which it belonged. Furthermore, the district is badly governed, political discontent is prevalent and economic distress is widespread. Consequently, whatever developments occur elsewhere in Roumania, a material chance exists of an outbreak of Bolshevism in this area—an outbreak of which the Russians would naturally be the first to take advantage. Less likely, at any rate in the immediate future, is the chance that Russia may seize a favourable opportunity to solve the problem by actual military force. Either of these developments might well entail a change in the present order of things, not only in Roumania, but also elsewhere in Central and Eastern Europe. They would thus create a situation the importance of which it is impossible to exaggerate.

The present Italo-Jugoslav rivalry in the Adriatic existed before the war. Italy severed her treaty connection with Austria-Hungary and fought for the Allied side largely as a result of the Allied promise of territorial concessions which were contrary to Serbian aspirations, and the Adriatic question was one of the most complicated which came before the Peace Conference. The Jugoslavs claimed and now enjoy the sovereignty over a long stretch of the eastern coast of the Adriatic, and they have always insisted and insist upon the free and unhampered use of that sea. The Italians desire to dominate, or at least to hold key-points upon the eastern coast, largely with the object of being able to control or to close this waterway in case of need. After five years of difficult negotiations, the two countries finally came to an agreement in 1924. That arrangement recognized the incorporation of Fiume by Italy, but it left the Jugoslavs disappointed at the loss of this port and it did not

satisfy Italy, who gained little on the eastern Adriatic mainland.

Prior to and since then there has been continued rivalry in and regarding Albania. Italy still holds and has fortified the Island of Saseno at the entrance to Valona Bay; Albanian Governments have been put in and out largely by means of Italian or Jugoslav intrigue and, since early in 1925, when the present King Zogu secured his election to the Albanian Presidency, Italy has been gradually increasing her control over, and her power in, that country. An Italian loan was arranged almost at once, pacts or treaties were signed between Italy and Albania in November 1926 and 1927, and so lately as June last Italy agreed to provide her ally with an annual loan of 400,000 gold pounds for ten years on condition that she retains what is really a controlling influence over its expenditure. Jugoslavia naturally resents all this, but she is busy at home and, so long as there is no interference with the actual independence of Albania, she is unlikely to undertake any active measures to prevent Italy from pursuing her present policy of economic penetration. Nevertheless, the Adriatic question is not solved. Italy and Jugoslavia are both awaiting favourable moments for its solution and neither party is prepared to accept any territorial or political modifications disadvantageous to her. The real danger, therefore, lies in an unexpected development, which might call for external interference in Albania, and in the possibility that some speech or action may provoke a breach too wide for repair. These dangers are unavoidable, but they can be minimized by the employment of moderation on both sides.

In the foregoing pages I have endeavoured to explain some of the broader conditions now prevailing in or affecting the Balkans and Central Europe. Many of these conditions are unsatisfactory. A number of smaller countries have grown up and others have been enlarged as a result of the war, and certain of the Great Powers

have endeavoured and are endeavouring to embrace some of those lesser States within their spheres of influence. But, so far, these developments have not led to the renewed hostilities which at one time seemed possible, yet there is a universal dread of further war, and such a misfortune may be prevented by a display of common sense by all parties. In the second part of this article, which will be published next month, I shall describe the more local conditions existing in Central Europe and the Balkans, allude to some of the difficulties under which the various countries are labouring, and suggest certain means by which some of these difficulties can be minimized. By so doing I hope that I may have led to a better understanding of the influences governing the conditions which prevail in what must always remain a most important part of the world.

A Thing Seen

By John Collier

IS anything more delightful than the thought that they had, those young men of the very last years that were still 18—, feelings of their own, much akin, fundamentally, to those ourselves experience. With soft brown moustaches, and round hats; twilight and gas-lamp and hansom cab, and all about them, had they only known it, Degas' by night and Renoirs by day to fill brimful their mild blue eyes.

M. Fountain had been such a one, in those days, when he was only twenty-two, and still un-Gallicized, most un-Gallicized, English Mr. Fountain, and it was then he had come to France and to Marseilles for the first time in his life. And by this time to him also, for he was like most people, that period and his part in it, the emotions, the ideals, and the inner conflicts he had had in those days, were of a removed, an æsthetic, interest, but almost forgotten, it was so long ago; but he was still a man of feeling, that must be remembered; perhaps he was more of one than ever.

Sitting now with Madame Fountain among the pebbles and the potted shrubs of a café courtyard, which opened on the most charming square, he was trying to recall that time. It was their wedding anniversary, and he had brought Madame Fountain because it was in the house above, which had once been an hotel, he had first met her, and that had been in those days also.

It should be added there were flies in the windows of the café, crumbs and glasses with wine-dregs on the white tables of the restaurant within; there were hanging baskets of flowers in the courtyard, chairs and tables of thin ironwork, green and dim blue, and the Fountains in their corner had two or three tendrils of vine stretched on wires over their heads, as if someone had once, perhaps, thought of an arbour, and above that was the harsh, blue canvas sky. A wide gateway gave upon the light,

hot, moving square, but the almost "period" contents of the courtyard were providently bottled, like seaweed, by an appropriate cab, which stood at the entrance in blurred lamp-black silhouette against the glaring space beyond, until one looked directly at it, that is; then it was full of colour as a blue-bottle fly.

M. Fountain suddenly saw his pink-cheeked youth. The word "boy" hung in his mind, as round, soft, as clear as an April raindrop. That boy, whose uncle, a merchant, was awaiting his return from a commission to Narbonne (and there was always inadequacy, inefficiency, anger in that employment), that boy had no right to linger on in Marseilles. Some things are hard to resist. He had only been there a week; now he must leave, for his money was all gone; he had his ticket and just enough for his hotel bill. He kept adding it in his head. He hoped there would be no extras, there was only just enough.

The young man took a bird-sip at his bock, that it might last, and stared through the gateway into the square. Across, framed in thick palms, under bright blinds, was the large handsome Café de la Mediterranee, blooming on the pavement with soldiers and strangers and waiters, and, in the dimness behind its glass, that exquisite morning staleness, a languid and experienced air, where sweeping was going on, corks and cigar-ends and a sprinkling on the floor. To leave this! The train this evening for Paris and the boat. For the Cheapside office, E.C., and for trouble there.

The evening train. He recalled yesterday evening. Then he had dined so elatedly with the Botrins at the lovely café across the square. "Ach du liebe Ernestine, alles ist weg, weg, weg!" But Ernestine showed not the faintest ruffling, even, on the surface of her usual trance, at the prospect of seeing him no more, though it was for her he had prolonged a truant day in Marseilles to this inexcusable week. She seemed so preoccupied, so sullen towards him, but yet, perhaps he thought, so

unescapable objectively; she had been feverish as a carnation, perhaps he thought, last night in the wide café with its mirrors and palms and oily gold lights.

It seemed that her father was sorry to part with him, though. He wondered what anyone as old and hard, in a Southern way much harder than his uncle, could find to like in him. Perhaps he had had a son. . . . It was not very likely.

What frequent invitations! "Would M. Fountain care to drive this afternoon?" "Perhaps M. Fountain would give us the pleasure, at dinner?" And such flattering insistence! How he saw to it that Ernestine should second him! "My daughter will be so charmed, delighted. Is it not so, Ernestine?" "Oh, oui, Papa. Oui, M. Fountain." He always felt a queer response, a little thrill, at these velvety manifestations of power over the young girl, whose life, so clearly, opened out like a flower in some other direction, yet who must so inevitably obey. She'd have to obey that man, he realized, and did not forget it, whatever the command.

"Old Botrin," suddenly and certainly cried the voice of inner conviction, "would like me for a son-in-law, God knows why!"

That, of course, was why he'd invited this young Fountain to visit them at Vintimille: "And must you go to England so soon? Is it not possible you could stay with us a little at our poor home at Vintimille? Ernestine would be charmed, delighted. Is it not so, Ernestine?" "Oh, oui, Papa. Oui, M. Fountain." The idea aroused disturbing emotions in the youth, strongly attracted as he was to this secretive, perhaps hostile, creature, in whom he now divined some sort of an emotional fluttering; it was not at all definite. He felt it was all very exotic, very much the antithesis of Cheapside; this tacit league with the father, the surety of a suave material accomplishment, and the veiled hostility, and the flutter. His blood thickened a little at the conception. It was very natural, perhaps, after all.

And now for the want of a little ready money, of a paltry railway fare even, to have to abandon it all, to return to England!

The last drops of the bock were gone, the waiter hovered for a fresh order; he experienced the self-consciousness which attends on empty pockets, and, disinclined to sit on without drinking, he went out, though he would rather have sat there in the hope of a glimpse of Ernestine, and sauntered down the sunny, coloured streets towards the port.

He found a hot seat whence he could overlook the blue-green harbour, and the blue and white sea outside. It was a quiet corner. He sat, hardly examining the situation, but rather staring at it as if to stamp definiteness upon it; but whatever aspect he selected, it grew transparent, and vanished under his attention. Yet it was there in his mind, certainly real. The touches with which he sought to give it nameable shape became only caresses, and more yellow came into the light that blue and white afternoon.

When he got back to the hotel he found the Botrins were gone. M. Botrin had asked several times for him; he had left a note.

"It has become, suddenly, necessary for us to leave to-day instead of to-morrow," and so on. "I wish I could have seen you; I would have given much to persuade you, if it had been thinkable, at this eleventh hour, to change your plans; to visit us at Vintimille."

What could be worse than this? A little perception, decision, and matters would have been arranged so easily. Old Botrin's drift had been clear enough all along, if only he'd had sense to see it. And, seeing it, how easy it would have been, without a direct word almost, to convey his difficulties to the old man; how certainly everything would have become smooth! And now, that note had not been written for nothing. His mind swung over, now that it was too late, to almost too vivid a vision, too bright a confidence. So he continued

to reproach himself till the cab was announced that was to take him to the station.

"My god! If I'd just the bare fare to Vintimille, I'd go there and put it absolutely bluntly to the old man."

In the cab, in the crevice between the leather cushion and the side, sticking out quite prominently, was a folded paper.

"Do you know, Ernestine, my dear," said M. Fountain, when he had arrived at this point in his recollection, "there is something I have never told you." And, indeed, this was so, for with them the early years of marriage had not been entirely smooth, nor in general tone propitious to such confidences. Later, he had been too much occupied in close imitation of his redoubtable father-in-law, that he might become able to follow him in control of his wine business, and in benevolent dominion over the difficult Ernestine. These things accomplished, he felt free to blossom as he had in youth, but now in maturity, as a creature of sentiment.

"Do you know," he said, "that here in Marseilles, here where we first met"—Madame Fountain, who forgot nothing, stiffened a little—"I very nearly lost you."

He came now to the finding of the paper.

"I opened it, and there, folded in quite carelessly, were two coins, one a ten-franc, the other a five-franc piece. And yet, do you know, at first I scarcely noticed the money at all. For there was some writing on the paper. It was the most hurried of scrawls; a typical, unformed, schoolgirl hand: "Will you please send off this telegram, whoever finds this, at once, it is most important, the ten francs are for you, most urgent, most important.'

"And then the message ran, I remember: 'You completely misunderstood on Monday, I will come, letter found, father determined to stop everything, write the address I gave you at once or no good.'

"It was unsigned, and addressed to an officer in barracks in Marseilles!

"My dear," said M. Fountain, "do you know, as I read that telegram, I forgot everything; I was completely lit up by an intuition of all that lay behind. But yes, I saw, as it were, the spirit of the whole thing so clearly. One guessed also something of circumstances, some outlines; a quarrel perhaps between lovers, at the same time a discovery, eh? Perhaps the weeping young girl being hurried away by her Bluebeard, or stern parents it would be, and no arrangements made, something of that sort; but it was the spirit of the whole affair, this thing so tender and bright, at the mercy of the mean hardness of the outside world. Perhaps I fail to express myself, my dear, but I saw at that moment, I tell you, the essence, young love, like a flower, lilac or something, helpless and beautiful.

"Nor was it just a poetical abstraction, this idea, for I remember gaining through it at the end, a more personified vision, of you, Ernestine, of your soft, tremulous, emotional life as a young girl." Madame Fountain compressed her lips. "And it was then that I first fully realized how essential it was that I should gain you for my own. Ah! yes!

"The cab stopped outside the station, and it was then that the full meaning of the money dawned on my mind. I remember I stood there in the hot sun, that summer evening, trembling as if I were (ha! ha!) already in cold England, before my angry uncle.

"'For Paris?' said the porter, seeing my labels.

"'One moment.'

"I rushed to the booking office. 'How much to Vintimille?' 'Fourteen francs,' replied the clerk. What a thing, to be pulled like a fish from one world to another!

"I tell you, my dear, and let it show the impression you had already made on me, that without hesitation, carelessly, callously almost, I committed then the greatest

crime of my life, against the vision that but a moment before had entirely engrossed me.

"Vintimille!" And I pulled out the ten-franc piece and the five-franc piece, too, and, wantonly crumpling the paper, threw it down among the litter on the floor.

"And that was how I got to Vintimille, my dear! You know the rest."

"Yes, I know the rest," said Madame Fountain.

"Twenty-seven years!"

"What was that, my dear?" asked her husband.

"Nothing," said Madame Fountain.

Should Power Balance?

By Christopher Hollis

THERE have appeared within the last few weeks two most important books on two of the most interesting characters in English history—Mr. Stirling Taylor's "Robert Walpole and His Age" (Jonathan Cape), and Mr. Arthur Bryant's "King Charles II" (Longmans). In both of these books is raised, among many other things, the question whether the whole policy of the maintenance of the so-called Balance of Power, the policy which has dominated British foreign affairs from the time of Wolsey to that of Sir Austen Chamberlain, the policy which was responsible for that second Hundred Years' War with France which filled the years from William III to Napoleon, has not been a mistaken one. Charles II and Walpole are the only two British statesmen who have not bowed the knee to that formula, and the fashion of the text-books has been to assume the wisdom of that formula as an axiom and to ascribe the disobedience to it of these two statesmen to merely wilful lack of patriotism. Now at last the formula itself is put on its trial. "The absurd ideal of the balance of power, so dear to the grandiloquent Whig statesmen of the next century, made no appeal whatever to Charles's concrete and unjealous mind," writes Mr. Bryant.

Clear in purpose, Charles's conduct was often tortuous in practice. There is not space here to consider how far his twists and turns can be justified. The underlying theory stands out quite evident. It was that England had nothing to lose by a French domination of the Continent. There was no reason to help Louis XIV to such a domination nor necessarily to take upon oneself the task of defending the morality of all that Louis might do. England was not Louis' keeper. On the other hand, the interest of England was to keep out of Continental squabbles and to concentrate upon the development of English trade with the non-European world. The more

completely France was immersed in European problems, the more certain was it that her interests would never clash with English interests. If there was a Continental Power whose interests did clash with English interests, that power was Holland, France's enemy. As Charles reminded William of Orange, England was surrounded by water, and as long as the British fleet was all-powerful, she had nothing to fear from a French domination of the Continent. It was for this reason that Charles's reign saw the birth of a regular, standing British navy, the creation of Charles's brother James. "Hold fast to the command of the sea," said James, "see that you lose not to any man."

What was the result of Charles's policy? "While Europe was plunged in war, they remained at peace," says Mr. Bryant. 'Then,' recalled Lord Ailesbury, writing in a more costly age, 'we had no generals to march themselves at the head of superfluous armies, nor had we one penny raised on land-tax.' Yet the very force and treasure which England poured out so lavishly in the wars of Marlborough, she drew from these quiet years when King Charles was leading her through green pastures. Everywhere men were laying up for themselves and their children treasure for the future. On every sea the adventurous ships of England sailed, coming home with treasure in their holds to enhance the wealth of a little island of squires, yeomen and homely merchants, and bringing silks and scents and delicate cloths for their ladies. In a quarter of a century, Evelyn's £250, invested in the stock of the East India Company, had multiplied itself threefold. Pennsylvania, whither Charles had despatched the Quaker Penn in 1682, the Carolinas, New York, and the shores of the Hudson; treaties with the Turks and the Moors to make Englishmen free of the Mediterranean, trading settlements at Bombay and Fort William, and dusky ambassadors bringing gifts from the Great Mogul; companies to trade with Africa, Guinea and the coasts of Barbary; expeditions to find

a new road to the Golden East through the Arctic Ice, or discover the wonders of the South Seas; all these were milestones in England's commercial and imperial expansion."

And what was the result of the Whig policy of enmity to France—an enmity that Walpole alone among Whig statesmen did not feel? One hundred years of war—England challenging France on the Continent of Europe—France replying by challenging England in America and India—and the long struggle ending at last one June evening when the armies of Prussia debouched upon the battlefield of Waterloo. For it was the Prussians who won the Anglo-French war. The genius of Marlborough and Nelson and Wellington, the rhetoric of Carteret and Chatham did indeed prevent France from dominating Europe, but only at the expense of handing over that Continent to the far more dangerous, far more barbaric domination of Prussia, until at last the two old enemies, joining hands, were just able to destroy that monster, which they had both helped to create, each to spite the other. The necessities of self-preservation have compelled England to-day rightly to assent to a French domination of Europe more complete than Louis XIV ever dreamed of.

As Dryden very neatly put it :—

> The fools are only thinner
> With all our cost and care,
> But neither side a winner
> For things are as they were.

Would not it have saved an enormous amount of trouble if we had never started interfering with Louis XIV?

Song

By J. B. Morton

THE mist rose from the mountain-side,
And dawn came down the sky,
And the rushes they were whispering,
When my love went by.

My love went by St. Mary's Lough
So silently,
No bird moved in the sleeping grass,
Or in the rowan-tree.

Our Lady leaned from Paradise,
Out of the morning sky,
To bless the stony mountain-path
Where my dear love went by.

"Why Daren't I Think?"

By Arnold Lunn

I BEG your pardon. It is a mistake to quote titles from memory. How stupid of me. Professor Julian Huxley's latest book is called "What Dare I Think?* The Challenge of Modern Science to Human Action and Belief"; and not "Why Daren't I Think? A Challenge to Modern Science by Human Inaction and Unbelief."

This, indeed, would have been a far more appropriate title, for the whole interest of this book consists in the light thrown on those inhibitions which prevent Julian Huxley from drawing the correct conclusions from the facts of religious experience.

Julian Huxley—I hope he will forgive me for omitting the "Professor"—is an interesting example of the importance of heredity. His philosophy is the product of two discordant strains which have set up a complex in the proper sense of that much-abused word. The Huxley strain is responsible for his inhibition against the supernatural; the Arnold strain for his religiosity. The result is a complex, an unresolved, subconscious conflict between reason and emotion, between the reason which assures him that religion is a reality and the emotion which forbids him to endorse a conclusion at variance with the sectarian prejudices of the milieu in which he was born.

Julian Huxley has inherited his outlook from that school of Victorian scientists which assumed that it was the hall-mark of an inferior intellect to believe in a personal Creator, and of a superior intelligence to believe that a minute speck of protoplasm, which contained within itself the potentiality to develop into a Sophocles, a Shakespeare or a Darwin, was spontaneously generated from the steaming seas of the primeval world. To read Julian Huxley is to be reminded that this fantastic

* "What Dare I Think? The Challenge of Modern Science to Human Action and Belief." By Julian Huxley. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.)

hypothesis still commands wide acceptance among those whose pious faith in the dogmas of Victorian materialism has not yet been clouded by the uneasy doubts and vague mysticism of modern physics.

Julian Huxley is an unwilling atheist, and it is significant that he never uses the word. He carefully avoids the harsh outlines of a word which suggest a vulgar fellow tub-thumping in Hyde Park. The Arnold strain estops him from describing himself as an atheist. Matthew Arnold, it will be remembered, was much too gentlemanly to dismiss God from the universe; he preferred to retain the word and to deprive it of all significance. It is, I think, the Arnold strain which wrings from Julian Huxley the confession that the doctrine of the Trinity " corresponds in some way with reality." " As I see it broadly," he continues, " God the Father is a personification of the forces of non-human Nature." But have we any right to use the word " God " as an equivalent for " the forces of non-human Nature "? Yes, for we have the support of that great authority, Humpty-Dumpty. " When I use a word," said Humpty-Dumpty, " it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less." Huxley admits regretfully that ordinary folk mean by God " a personal, supernatural, spiritual Being," but he is anxious that we should try to " see God under one aspect as a number of vital but separate facts, some material and some spiritual, but, regarded as a unity, as a creation of the human soul (albeit a necessary and fruitful one), compounded of the hard facts of soulless nature and the spiritual and intellectual aspirations of the nature of man, the two organized into a single whole by the organising power of the human mind." Here again Humpty-Dumpty comes to his rescue.

" That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

" When I make a word do a lot of work like that," said Humpty-Dumpty, " I always pay it extra."

Julian Huxley is attracted to religion, and he would certainly not reject the belief in a personal God, the only possible foundation for a genuine religion, but for his subconscious conviction that the acceptance of theism is the equivalent to a loss of caste in scientific circles.

So far as Christianity is concerned, his mind is completely closed. Nobody, for instance, who had approached Christianity with an open mind could possibly commit such an elementary blunder as to assume that Christians teach that "salvation may be assured by an adherence to an intellectual statement of belief." No Christian church has ever taught that orthodoxy is an insurance against hell. The devil himself is orthodox: "The devils also believe and tremble."

I sometimes wonder whether Julian Huxley has ever read the original documents of Christianity. He gravely informs us that the reaction from the earlier forms of theism may "lead men to search for salvation and religious fulfilment in their own souls and their own way of life rather than in the service of a deity conceived of as a separate over-ruling being." And, as an instance of this reaction, he solemnly cites Jesus Christ: "Most of the great mystics and many of the inspired moralists of religious history have been subject to this reaction, but its two greatest exemplars were Jesus and the Buddha. Jesus said, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.'"

Jesus also made one or two tentative suggestions on the subject of our duty to a deity whom Jesus seems (mistakenly) to have conceived as "a separate over-ruling being." Julian Huxley should read the Gospels; he would find them quite interesting.

Nordic enthusiasts have claimed Christ as a Nordic; Germans as virtually a German; pacifists as a pacifist; and Communists as a Communist. It has been left to Julian Huxley to discover in Jesus Christ one of the great pillars of atheism.

Julian Huxley's shut mind is equally obvious in his

references to modern religious developments. He sees in the growth of Anglo-Catholicism "a tendency to think less of dogmas, and to extract all that is possible out of ritual and actions of worship"; whereas it is a matter of history that the strength of Anglo-Catholicism is due to its re-emphasis on the idea of the Catholic Church, on the dogma of transubstantiation, and on the sacrament of penance.

Huxley's philosophy is marked by a naïve faith in science, and an equally naïve disbelief in God. Neither his faith nor his disbelief is the outcome of scientific induction from facts.

First as to science. It is natural for the scientist to glorify science on the excellent principle of "nothing like leather." Vanity is an even more universal motive than sex, and it is human to desire increased prestige for the particular profession that one happens to be following. I do not quarrel with Huxley's enthusiasm for science, nor with his praise of the scientific method; my quarrel with him arises from the absence of scientific method in his own approach to the problem of religion.

The true scientist is not content with assertion; he offers proof. It is unscientific to be content with stating, as Huxley states, that advancing science has shown "the baselessness of traditional theology." Thomas Huxley had a far clearer conception of the true relations of science and theology. "The philosophical difficulties of theism," he wrote, "are neither greater nor less than thay have been ever since theism was invented. The *a priori* arguments against theism, and given a deity, against the possibility of creative acts, appear to me devoid of reasonable foundation."

Julian Huxley is entitled to his own opinion on the subject of God, but he is sanguine in assuming that his readers will be satisfied with a curt statement of the fact that there is no room for God in the Huxleyan universe. In a previous book he devoted four hundred pages to outlining his own private brand of religion, but

he dismissed the whole question of a personal god in one curt sentence. In the book under review he tells us that God " turns out to be a product of the human mind. As an independent or unitary being, active in the affairs of the universe, he does not exist." So now you know. *Huxley locuta est Causa finita est,* but whereas the Popes of Rome compose long encyclicals to justify their pronouncements, the modern Popes of science expect us to be content with a mere *ipse dixit.*

I quarrel with Huxley not because he disbelieves in God, but because he makes no attempt whatever to justify his belief, that science has disproved the existence of a personal deity. This was not the view of the late Lord Rayleigh, a scientist whom Julian Huxley would admit as his peer if not as his superior. In Lord Rayleigh's Presidential Address to the British Association he said: " It is true that among scientific men, as in other classes, crude views are to be met with as to the deeper things of Nature; but that the lifelong beliefs of Newton, of Faraday, and of Maxwell are inconsistent with the scientific habit of mind, is surely a proposition which I need not pause to refute."

The proposition which Lord Rayleigh does not pause to refute, Julian Huxley asserts without even pausing to prove. The thesis which Lord Rayleigh dismissed as nonsense is the unproved axiom on which Julian Huxley's philosophy is founded.

It is clear that Julian Huxley has never clearly thought out the relations of science to the supernatural. Science is concerned with natural law, and the scientist is bound to assume the uniformity of nature. But science, though it might conceivably prove, is incapable of disproving the existence of a supernatural order. To say, as Huxley says, that the scientific approach " renders futile or illogical all conceptions of God, regarded as a separate being controlling the universe which He created," is to make a statement which is meaningless, a statement which Thomas Huxley, with his clear grasp of philosophy,

would never have made. I challenge Julian Huxley to show in what fashion science could disprove the existence of God or the possibility that God, if He existed, could over-ride the action of His own laws. People who disbelieve in the miraculous may be divided into those who do and those who do not understand the elementary fact that there is, as Thomas Huxley pointed out, no *a priori* impossibility about a miracle, and that our verdict on the alleged occurrence of miracles will ultimately depend on the credibility of human testimony. The scientist must be subpœaned as an expert witness to decide whether or not an alleged miracle can be explained in accordance with natural law. If he replies in the negative, the jury must decide whether the events took place as described. Consider, for instance, one of the best authenticated miracles in modern times, the case of Peter de Rudder, whose leg was crushed by a falling tree in 1868, and whose bones remained broken until they were instantaneously united while praying to our Lady of Lourdes. The function of science is confined to proving that such sudden unions are not in accordance with natural law: it is the function of the lawyer and of the historian to decide whether the evidence for the alleged instantaneous union is trustworthy.

So far from disproving the supernatural, the application of scientific methods to research as at Lourdes and in laboratories of physical research, have established beyond all reasonable doubt interferences with natural law which strongly suggest the existence of supernatural beings.

Julian Huxley's philosophy is, as I have said, the product of two strains, Huxley and Arnold. He rejects the supernatural, but feels the need of religion. He is full of respect for the religious instinct and hopes to establish religion on a basis of science and naturalism. He believes that church-going need not disappear with the belief in the supernatural and that it will still be possible "to organise the religious life, providing retreats and celebra-

tions, instruction and ritual." He believes that the new religion will embody these results "in appropriate liturgies and in courses of devotional practice."

It is amusing to prophesy, but the only prophecies of interest are those which are based on sound deduction from known facts. There is not one shred of evidence to suggest that the type of religion in which Huxley believes has a future. Every attempt to divorce religion from the supernatural has failed.

Comte endeavoured to retain the accidental trappings of Catholicism, its ritual, its vestments and its ceremonial, while rejecting the belief in the supernatural. The Positivists who followed Comte hoped to persuade people to worship humanity in the temples of their faith; but Positivism, which Julian Huxley wishes to revive under another name, has proved the most devastating failure. Man is too rational to waste time in church merely for the sake of church-going. Sentimentalism, which has been defined as indulging in sentiment for its own sake, has a comparatively narrow appeal. Prayer is a business proposition if there is somebody at the other end of the wire, but to sit in a pew while an earnest gentleman dressed like a priest recites a poem from Wordsworth, and asks us to meditate on a synthetic god compounded from Nature and Science, is not a business proposition. Most people will echo Thomas Huxley's contempt for "the sham pietism of the positivist." "Of all the sickening humbug in the world," he wrote, "the sham pietism of the positivist is to me the most offensive." If Julian Huxley really believes that there is any future for sham pietism, he should pay a visit to the ethical church whose creed and congregation may be summed up in the phrase, "Three persons and no God." There is something very pathetic in the spectacle of well-intentioned men and women gathered together for communal expression of religious sentiment, while denying all that gives reality to religion.

Such people remind me of eunuchs in love.

History according to Bülow*

By J. D. Gregory

BISMARCK has been rightly compared to a tamer who stands surrounded by a crowd of wild beasts which he has brought together and is able to keep under absolute control. In other words, having let loose all manner of dangerous forces, he was able to play them off one against the other and, by management or by terror, to dominate them without difficulty. Moreover, in spite of his non-ethical conception of the conduct of public affairs, that is to say his *Realpolitik*, not only was he indisputably a man with a strong sense of personal responsibility, but he possessed far too creative a will to be merely the political helmsman steering through a sea of conflicting ambitions and shortsighted interests. His successors, who perforce were to inherit the blood and iron tradition, were inevitably smaller men, without an ounce of genius. They found themselves called to govern a nation in which the notion of absolute self-interest had been violently implanted and which was seething to give it expression; and they were totally unfitted to deal with the natural consequences of this newly-aroused passion. Herein lies the danger, and too often the nemesis, of every dictatorial regime, even the best. How many people, for instance, are asking the pertinent question: What will happen when Mussolini dies?

Nor was the task of these smaller men rendered any easier by the presence at the head of this new and volcanic State of a monarch, who, if we are to take Bülow's estimate, was utterly irresponsible, false, untruthful, unstable, cowardly—despite certain good qualities, romantic and unromantic. The handicap was paralysing. Whatever any Chancellor might do one moment was liable to be undone the next by Imperial megalomania, tactlessness or deliberate treachery. Of that there can be little doubt.

* "Prince von Bülow's Memoirs," Vol. II., 1903–1909. Putnam, 25s.

The difficulty of assessing this unedifying period of Prusso-German history, which is covered by the second volume of Bülow's Memoirs, is to discover who, of the many actors involved, is speaking the truth and who is not. The account, given by the Chancellor himself, of the main features is often so transparently inaccurate as completely to take away the breath of those who grew up at close quarters with the events. Happily the true facts have been given to the world in the masterly memorandum of the late Sir Eyre Crowe, who, from the first years of the present century, with unfailing sagacity and insight, estimated Prusso-German policy in its true light and foresaw its inevitable consequences. There is no need to reiterate his exposure, but, as the volume under review deals at length with the most dangerous crisis that preceded (and, indeed, prepared the way for) the Great War, namely, that arising out of the annexation by Austria-Hungary of Bosnia and Herzogovina, it is necessary once again to raise an emphatic protest against Bülow's version of its solution. He has the audacity to proclaim that he, and he alone, saved the peace of Europe by his tactful diplomacy with Russia. It may be true that Isvolsky was all that Bülow says of him, vacillating, unreliable, unequal to his job. It is certainly true that Aehrenthal was representative of the worst features of dual monarchy diplomacy. But the peace of the world was saved—if, indeed, it was at that moment really in jeopardy—not by the Chancellor, still less by the "Knight in Shining Armour," but by the untiring efforts of Sir Edward Grey (and Sir Charles Hardinge) and his instruments in Vienna and St. Petersburg, Sir Fairfax Cartwright and Sir Arthur Nicolson. Bülow's attack on the latter, as well as his aspersions on King Edward, are an outrage. During that long and difficult period the King, British statesmen, and British representatives abroad acted in the harmony and unity which has always characterized our diplomacy, and any suggestion to the contrary is so laughable that its refutation seems hardly

necessary. Because, on Bülow's own confession, German officials all worked against one another, he imagines the same of British diplomacy. Yet the archives of the Foreign Office and of the Vienna and St. Petersburg Embassies could have been thrown open to the public at the time with propriety and utility. It would have made manifest to the world the entire singlemindedness of His Majesty's Government, the absence of any sort of intrigue on their part, and above all their one and only concentration, namely, the maintenance of peace.

Bülow's gross misstatements on this question alone invalidate the greater part of his account of his later Chancellorship. It is preferably in his unconcealed, sometimes unconscious, because ingrained, cynicism that we can look for true history. Apart from details, the Morocco interference—avowedly his own work (the Kaiser apparently was reluctant to land in Tangier)—is a case in point, though he has qualms about the "brilliant second" at Algeciras, yet none about the artificial appeal to the Treaty of Madrid. Certainly he had his hands full between the Russo-Japanese War, the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, and the Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907, not to speak of the impetuous reactions of his Imperial master, whose truculent fits had become increasingly chronic and inconvenient. There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of the All Highest's statement (against Japan) that "Christian precepts are not applicable to heathens and savages," or (to Beit—apropos of "English intrigues" with Delcassé) "what could we do but feel for our revolvers?" Yet only over the *Daily Telegraph* affair and the letter to Lord Tweedmouth did the Chancellor feel impelled to take energetic measures to call a halt. This was largely his undoing. In the naval question, which in effect overshadowed everything, he was frankly impotent.

It must, however, be admitted that under the prevailing system the position of Imperial Chancellor was anything but enviable. He had to compete not merely

with the always unknown, often hostile, influence of three independent Cabinets attached to the Kaiser, but with a mysterious camarilla of the Philip Eulenburg or Max Fürstenberg type, supplemented by abominable free lances like Theodore Schiemann. We have, scattered through all the pages, Bülow's comments on this untrustworthy, and often disreputable and unsavoury, company of Imperial toadies; and he is delighted to make a good story of every private scandal. Only twice in a collection of portraits, numbering several hundreds, has he a good word to say for anyone. In fact, of Adolf von Deines, an old regimental comrade, he says: "He is one of the few really good men I have ever met." The atmosphere of spitefulness, in which Prussian diplomacy was conducted, was hardly conducive either to its morality or its consistency.

Yet, needless to say, Bülow insists that, had he continued at the helm and not succumbed in favour of the inferior Bethmann-Hollweg, the war would never have come to pass. The memoirs swarm with barefaced testimonials to his eloquence, his skill in surmounting obstacles, and his wonderful attainment in preserving the peace of Europe. His smug self-righteousness and consummate conceit are at times nauseating. Yet, in order to sustain this picture of himself, it would have been wiser for his post-war reputation if he had pruned his general reflections on political philosophy, as, for instance, when he makes his own Bismarck's doctrine that "all wars" are "dangerous unless dictated by reasons of State or some vital interest of the country."

At least he has left us under no illusions. During that fateful period Prussia-Germany was going about Europe *tamquam leo rugiens quaerens quem devoret.* The word "defensive" had already acquired a peculiar significance. Bismarck knew how to keep that significance within bounds. By the time he had passed away, it had degenerated into a frankly verbal quibble.

Portrait of an Editor

By Douglas Goldring

I HAD not been more than a week in New York when I was one day summoned to the telephone, and heard a rather drawling voice that seemed familiar and was certainly English. "Is that you, Goldring? Why didn't you tell me before that you were in New York? Look here, won't you come and dine with me tonight at the Arts' Club . . . " The voice was Ford Madox Ford's. I was next door to the Arts Club when I received this message, in the hospitable "Players," for which I had been put up on arrival by a friendly publisher, and I was fortunately free.

The first thing I noticed about Ford, after we had greeted one another, was the fact that he seemed as completely at home in New York as he is in Montparnasse. The club was very full of people of both sexes, women perhaps predominating, and the arts were much in evidence. Pictures of all kinds covered the walls, and in two large rooms on the ground floor were displayed all the season's publications—a really admirable idea, this. We browsed among the new books for a few minutes, and then went in to dinner. No sooner had I opened my napkin than a strange thing happened. From the rather unduly talkative man "in the forties," which I know myself to be, I found myself suddenly changing, slipping back into my own past, becoming once again a shy and tongue-tied youth, "having dinner with the editor." Filled with amused astonishment, I devoured my blue-fish, failed to eat my first "alligator pear" (because there was none left), and to the accompaniment of Ford's agreeable monotone sent my thoughts travelling back to the far-off days when he actually *was* my Olympian chief. And after dinner, while Ford was writing letters and I was alone with my cigarette, all sorts of memories came crowding in upon me.

When I was a boy of twenty-one, just beginning to

earn my living on the staff of *Country Life*, after a few terms at Oxford, my Editor introduced me one morning to Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. Ford at that time—it was, I think, the summer of 1908—was already making his preparations for launching the famous first number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW and, much to my delight, he appointed me his sub-editor. I had at that period and —despite appearances to the contrary—have never entirely lost it, a large amount of respect for the real heads of my profession, who, I need hardly say, are not necessarily those who make the most money or receive the largest measure of publicity. Ford then, in those far-away days, struck me as one of the most awe-inspiring figures I had ever met; more awe-inspiring even than the captain of the 1st XI had been, when I was a new boy at school.

My first spell of duty for THE ENGLISH REVIEW took the form of a week-end at his house in Kent. (As an employer Ford was always characteristically and incorrigibly hospitable.) The place was somewhere on high ground, with a view across green marshlands to where Rye and Winchelsea stand dreaming by the sea. I seem to remember a longish, low house with various outbuildings, in one of which I slept and in one of which I remember taking down in long-hand, at Ford's dictation, the most graceful letter, to accompany a substantial cheque, which I imagine that any editor has ever written to a contributor, however distinguished. The letter was to Thomas Hardy, to thank him for the poem called "A Sunday Morning Tragedy," which, subsequently, appeared at the beginning of the first number of the REVIEW. From it I got my first glimpse of how, in an ideal world, the old and great should be addressed by their younger *confrères*.

The next incident which I can recall with any vividness was also a week-end, this time with Joseph Conrad, who was then living in a gloomy old farmhouse near Luton. I don't exactly know why Ford took me

down there with him, unless it was that in those days he was amusingly "baronial" and regarded me as his suite or retinue. Anyway, editor and "retinue" arrived at Luton on a dripping-wet afternoon, and got into a stuffy fly which very slowly splashed its way along the country lanes to Conrad's door. The house was surrounded by trees and seemed to me unutterably melancholy. After dinner, Ford, Conrad and the "retinue" went up to Conrad's big candle-lit study on the first floor, and there my elders talked while I sat in a corner and listened. And how they talked! Tirelessly, endlessly, and in a mixture of French and English, they discussed the job of writing in general, and the composition of the first number of the REVIEW in particular. They discussed the technique of the novel and the short story, and quoted long passages from *Madame Bovary* and *Un Cœur Simple* at one another, with ever-growing excitement. I can see before me now Conrad's short, broad-shouldered, long-armed figure and his dark, pointed beard and dark eyes, as he stood in the candlelight in front of the fire, with Ford, tall, blond and blue-eyed, by his side; and I can hear again Ford's light-pitched, drawling tones mingling with Conrad's deeper, more staccato notes. What I chiefly remember about the conversation, apart from the references to Flaubert and to the contents of the first number of the REVIEW, is that it hinged on the necessity for English writers to follow the example of the French and learn how they got their own effects. Too many even of our best writers, the inference was, have been artists by accident as it were, instead of as a result of deliberately disciplining their talents and learning "how." And I got an inkling, during that endless discussion, which prolonged itself far into the night, of just what the REVIEW was intended to accomplish for English letters. It was going to set up and maintain a standard of literary values, of *real writing*. And, in the first gallant year of its existence, despite incredible difficulties and

unimaginable turmoils of which at the time I knew little, no one can now say that it failed in its purpose.

Ford, it must be admitted, made an original and slightly eccentric editor, nor could it well have been otherwise. One single individual could hardly be expected to combine a pure love of good letters, unusual critical insight, admirable gifts as poet and novelist, and the most incorrigible sociability with those hard-faced commercial and administrative talents which produce the "paying concern." A "paying concern," THE ENGLISH REVIEW, during the year of Ford's editorship, certainly was not. It was a gallant adventure nevertheless, and has well earned its place in our literary history. Difficulties and turmoils there were in plenty, during the agitated twelve months in which Ford occupied the editorial chair, though I was far too excited, far too youthfully self-centred and too inexperienced to appreciate them. For me that year was one long thrill: in a literary sense it was the *real thing*, at last. The little group of Oxford poets I had met in my undergraduate days and after—James Elroy Flecker, J. D. Beazley, Trelawney Dayrell-Reed and several others—had cast a glamour for me over the profession of letters. We all turned out verses, some of us with great facility, and dreamed of dying young and famous, though Flecker was the only one of our little group who was destined to turn this dream into a reality. But we were all contemporaries and beginners; and even for Flecker the magic of print was at that time hard of achievement. Ford's flat at 84, Holland Park Avenue, where the REVIEW was edited, was, on the other hand, filled daily to overflowing, not with aspirants but with the tried, the tested, the acknowledged! The Beverly Nichols type of young man (which I am not yet too old to appreciate) scarcely existed twenty years ago. Perhaps, if I had been endowed with some of the hard modern insouciance and disillusion I should have noticed in these, to me, august figures only their queer clothes, their odd personal habits

and idiosyncrasies. As it was, they were the only sort of "great" for which I had any respect. And I contrived to keep my two worlds entirely separate—the world in which I danced more or less efficiently and in which no one knew one end of a book from another, and the world in which I sat demurely in a corner and listened to my betters. Only once or twice did the water-tight compartments fail to act, and I shall never forget the shock I had at a dance at Kent House in Knightsbridge, when I heard my hostess ask Mr. Rudyard Kipling to take Mrs. Humphry Ward down to supper, and thus identified them! Nowadays, I'm afraid, I take but little interest in encountering the writers whose works I admire, in the flesh: and I have come to think the "public personage" about as cheerless as the public library. Age creeping on, I suppose.

The manuscripts that were sent in to THE ENGLISH REVIEW were housed in a very beautiful old inlaid Spanish cabinet, in Ford's study. When I arrived in the evening—for I sub-edited *Country Life* during the day, and usually did not appear at Holland Park Avenue before 6 p.m.—I was generally despatched at once to the Shepherd's Bush Empire, to secure a box or two stalls for the "second house." After dinner, we chartered a hansom and Editor and "sub" drove down to the music-hall, with the manuscripts which had been sent in during the day. During the performance, or rather during the duller turns, Ford made his decisions and I duly recorded them. But when somebody really worth listening to, the late Victoria Monks, for example, appeared on the stage, the cares of editorship were for the moment laid aside. After the theatre we usually went back to the flat and worked on, sometimes till 2 a.m. And that was, more or less, the way in which the most distinguished English literary periodical of the present century got itself into print.

After all, there must have been a good deal to be said for the Shepherd's Bush Empire, from Ford's point of

view. The atmosphere was conducive, there was no one to worry him and he could think undisturbed. In the flat, on the other hand, apart from the endless parties, stray callers seemed to arrive at all hours of the day or night, all of them, no doubt, bursting with advice, suggestions or complaints. By contrast, the music-hall must have seemed a haven of peace.

At one of Ford's tea-parties I remember seeing a little quiet, gray old man who turned out to be Thomas Hardy. I was standing next to Hugh Walpole, at the back of the room, near the tea-table. The conversation among the lion-cubs in our neighbourhood was no doubt very brilliant and very " literary," but suddenly there came the usual inexplicable hush. It was broken by Hardy, who, turning to an elderly lady by his side, remarked, " And how is Johnny's whooping-cough? "

Conrad was, of course, frequently in the flat during the first months of our existence. I remember once being deputed to stay in after dinner and keep him company, until Ford returned from some party or other. Alas, on this occasion I missed an opportunity. For, as it happened, I had an assignation that evening with a young person of the opposite sex, and my inability to keep it must so have preoccupied my mind that I cannot now recall one word of a prolonged conversation.

Of the younger writers whom Ford, I will not say " discovered "—for that is a word which, in my experience, invariably arouses rage—but whose gifts he was, at all events, quick to appreciate, the most outstanding figures were P. Wyndham Lewis and Ezra Pound. Both of them, at that period, in clothes, hairdressing and manner, made no secret of their calling. Pound contrived to look " every inch a poet " (and still does), while I have never seen anyone so obviously a " genius " as Wyndham Lewis when, after his return from a sojourn abroad, he first appeared at Ford's parties.

The story (no doubt apocryphal) of Lewis's first call at THE ENGLISH REVIEW office formed one of the many

legends which collected round that singular flat. Lewis, tall, dark, and with romantically disordered hair, wearing a long, black garment buttoned up to his chin, arrived one morning at Number 84 with the MS. of "The Pole" in his inside coat-pocket. Getting no answer to his ring, he walked into the flat and searched the first-floor rooms, in vain, for an occupant. Undeterred, he climbed another flight of stairs, and hearing at last sounds of human life, he knocked at the door through which they came, and walked in. It happened to be the bath-room, and there, reclining on his back in the bath, in two feet of hot water, with a large sponge in one hand and a piece of soap in the other, was the missing editor. Quite disregarding any unconventionality in his surroundings, Lewis at once proceeded to business. After announcing in the most matter-of-fact way that he was a man of genius and that he had a manuscript for publication, he asked if he might read it. "Go on," said Ford, continuing to play with his sponge. Lewis then unbuttoned his coat, produced "The Pole," and read it aloud. At the end, Ford observed: "Well, that's all right. If you leave it behind we'll certainly print it." And the interview terminated. The literal truth of the whole or any part of the above story, of course, I cannot guarantee. All I can say is that if it didn't happen, it ought to have done.

Other distinguished figures who came to the flat were R. B. Cunninghame Graham, who looked like a Spanish hidalgo (and wrote the most illegible hand it has ever been my lot to try to decipher), W. H. Hudson, Edward Garnett, Edward Thomas, Stephen Reynolds and the late Percival Gibbon. Gibbon was a merciless practical joker and used constantly to rag me about my efforts to get my poems published, once pretending that he had just heard that an eminent firm had decided to issue them in a limited large-paper edition. Alas, how eagerly did I allow myself to be deceived! On one occasion he played a joke on Ford with equal success. He arrived

at the flat, late one snowy night, in a state of well-simulated horror and consternation. "Ford, what d'you think has happened?" he gasped. "I drove here in a four-wheeler, and just as we got near the Tube station the cab stopped suddenly. I got out to see what was up, and found the poor old cabby *dead on his box*. We *must* go out and do something about it." A wave of humanitarian emotion swept over Ford and his companion. Murmuring "doctor . . . brandy . . . cold and exposure . . . poor old fellow," they hurried into their coats and rushed forth into the icy street, followed by the chuckling Gibbon.

Soon after Ford and THE ENGLISH REVIEW parted company, a small legacy came my way, which, with the unwisdom of youth, I promptly "put into a paper" and became, in my turn, an editor. It was an illustrated monthly magazine, which quickly swallowed all the capital invested in it, and died, after a not altogether inglorious existence, within a year. Subsequently, I became connected with a firm of publishers which issued at my instigation, James Elroy Flecker's "The Golden Journey to Samarkand," and also an edition of Ford's "Collected Poems," which, out of natural *pietas*, I produced in as beautiful a form as I could contrive. It must now be a rare book, and I wish I possessed a copy of it myself.

I was just wondering where the dickens my copy had got to when Ford finished his letters and suggested that we should go along to one of his addresses—in New York, as in Paris, he defends his working-hours by having several retreats—where a party of young people were expecting us. It was November, but we were in the midst of a heat-wave, and the night was warm and starry. The theatres and movies had already begun, and the streets were pleasantly deserted, so that, as rarely happens in New York, we were able to stroll in comfort. As we passed into Washington Square, Ford pointed out to me the window of the room in which Henry James was

born. And somehow, after that, it didn't seem quite so singular that Ford and I should be strolling about together in New York, after having, but a few months before, strolled about together in Paris. For the great Henry was not the least august of the contributors to the REVIEW. Although I never met him, it fell to my lot to read his proofs, and I remember once drawing Ford's attention to a passage, in a story whose name I have forgotten, which struck me as odd. It was a question as to whether a gentleman wearing a top-hat *could* put his head, conveniently, through a carriage window and kiss its occupant. The point was submitted to the great man, who, I believe, with plans and diagrams and the utmost elaboration, explained precisely how the deed was done.

When we arrived at our destination, it turned out to be a house in a street which Londoners would call "Early Victorian." It might easily have been a London street, for it had a name and not a number, and there were none of the usual New York fire-escapes disfiguring its façades. We entered by a basement door, which looked exactly like the entrance to a "speak-easy," and making our way into a small back sitting-room, we found awaiting us round a deal table a group of two or three young poets and a literary critic, not one of whom could have been more affluent than his opposite number in Paris or in London. But it was easy to tell that they were all of them interested in writing for its own sake. Soon the conversation became critical and technical—real literary talk, a little in the big bow-wow style—of a kind I hadn't heard for nearly twenty years. For in England, somehow . . . I don't know. Most of the young English writers I have come across have been elegant and moderately affluent personages who try to give the impression of stooping from Mayfair to conquer Bohemia. Their living is complicated rather than plain; and their "high-thinking" is done "off stage." If they want to discuss literature, they either give public lectures or write

essays or middles. But here, in New York, was a group of young people who were talking quite easily and naturally about the subject which interested them most. Ford, of course, was very rightly encouraged to hold the floor. And for about an hour, with elbows on the table, he talked about books and their writers with a judgment, penetration and depth of knowledge which few men in that city of lecturers could have equalled. I suppose he knew perfectly well that he was talking to men who took their jobs seriously, that the atmosphere was right. And it was entirely in keeping with the Ford of THE ENGLISH REVIEW days that, with an engagement-book that could easily have been filled to overflowing, he should elect to spend an evening at his ease, in a basement sitting-room in a back street, talking about writing.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE replacement of the Marquess of Reading by Sir John Simon at the Foreign Office appears to have been inevitable in view of the former's desire to be relieved of the responsibilities of his post, but, personalities apart, the change is to be deprecated on the score that the Foreign Secretary will once again be in the Commons. The rough-and-tumble of the Lower House does not render it a fitting place for the man who is responsible for the country's relations with its neighbours, and the result is only too often that the foreign policy of a government is supported or censured according to the popularity or disfavour enjoyed by the Foreign Secretary, while the latter is generally so over-worked in Parliament that he has not sufficient time to devote to the department of which he is head. Until such time as ministers are empowered to speak in either house, it is desirable that the Foreign Secretary should move solely in the more serene atmosphere of the Upper Chamber.

Sir John Simon has not hitherto displayed any interest in foreign affairs, but it is a source of satisfaction that a man of his ability should be appointed to the Foreign Office. Mr. Henderson fancied himself in the *rôle* of a kind of "dishonest broker" between France, Italy, and Germany, with the not unnatural result that he left the state of Europe a great deal worse than he found it. Sir John Simon is too clear a thinker not to realize that if France and Germany are to come together it must be in consequence of direct negotiations between Paris and Berlin, and that any intermeddling on our part will have the most disastrous results. A year ago there was a chance that the good offices of this country might serve to ease the Franco-Italian tension, but the blundering of Mr. Henderson ruined it, and the crisis at home has since made it quite impossible for us to undertake the part of the arbiter of European differences,

which, incidentally, in the end usually means that we earn the dislike of both sides in the dispute which we have attempted to settle.

In these circumstances, it is to be hoped that the new Foreign Secretary will eschew like the plague the peripatetic diplomacy of some of his recent predecessors, and will attend the absolute minimum number of international conferences. The less the Foreign Office is in the public eye the better, as a rule, is it doing its work.

German Party Politics

BARON William de Ropp writes from Berlin :—

"In Germany foreign affairs are temporarily distracting public attention to some considerable extent from the continuous struggle between the present regime and the Nationalist opposition. The conversations between the French Government and the German Ambassador in Paris are watched with anxiety by the Nationalists. It may be assumed that no arrangement which the Brüning government may come to with the French will prove satisfactory to the opposition, which contends that nothing less than a total annulment of reparation payments is acceptable to Germany in her present state. In any case the opposition claims that only a Nationalist government is qualified to deal with the reparations question.

"The result of the British elections has made a deep impression in Germany, and has indirectly stimulated German Nationalism. Germans are apt to identify two somewhat different conceptions, the English 'National' and the German 'Nationalist.'

"Herr Brüning's difficulties continue to increase. Each new election in one of the various German states witnesses the steady growth of National Socialism, and, in the opinion of many observers belonging to different German political parties, Nazi participation in the responsibilities of government cannot be delayed much longer. The mere fact that Herr Hitler recently visited

President von Hindenburg and General von Schleicher is highly interesting, and the change of tone adopted by Herr Brüning towards the National Socialists is equally significant. A Brüning-Hitler coalition appears improbable, however, for Zentrum and Nazis have drifted too far apart. The gulf between the present regime and the Nationalist opposition has apparently become almost unbridgeable, and a violent clash between democracy and Nationalism seems almost unavoidable unless President von Hindenburg's great personal influence proves strong enough to bring together these apparently irreconcilable elements in the German nation."

The Manchurian Crisis

AS the situation in the Far East changes from hour to hour it is quite impossible to comment upon it in these pages in any detail, but more is at stake in the present struggle in Manchuria than is generally realized in this country, and, in spite of anything that democratic politicians may say to the contrary, the broad outlines of policy always remain unchanged.

The salient fact in the Far East to-day is that Japan alone stands as the champion of stability. China is a mere geographical expression, and Russia is a revolutionary Power ever anxious to promote disorder in the territory of her neighbours. If there were any doubts on this score they could quickly be laid to rest by a glance at those who have espoused the anti-Japanese side in Great Britain. The Liberal Press (or rather what is left of it), the pacifists, League of Nations cranks, *et hoc genus omne* never lose an opportunity of reviling Japan, and of holding her up to contempt as the bully of the Orient. The truth, of course, is that there is no peace in China save where it is upheld by Japanese bayonets, and that the present invasion of Manchuria is the result of a series of provocations which no other Power in the world would have tolerated for so long. Those who are inclined to be stampeded by the diatribes

of the *Manchester Guardian* would do well to weigh the words of Viscount Grey in the speech which he made the other day at Southport.

If Geneva had its way it would make hypocrites of us all in this matter, while the spectacle of the United States, which is continually sending marines to interfere in the internal affairs of its weaker neighbours, solemnly lecturing Japan for enforcing law and order in Manchuria, is positively nauseating. Even if Tokyo proposed to annex the whole province it is diffcult to see how Europe could protest with any degree of justice, in view of the methods by which more than one European Power obtained its overseas possessions (Algeria and Tripoli are notable cases in point). The only satisfactory course is to issue a declaration of neutrality in the usual way, and not to interfere in Manchurian matters unless both parties to the dispute ask us to do so. If the League chooses to make a fool of itself that is its affair, but let Sir John Simon take care that Great Britain does not share in its folly.

The Future of the League

THE way in which Geneva has handled the Sino-Japanese situation augurs ill for the future of the League of Nations as a peace-making institution. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there would never have been a crisis in the Far East at all but for the League, and the encouragement which the latter undoubtedly gave to the Chinese. China, although she is heavily in arrears with her subscription, has always been the spoilt darling of Geneva, and the reason is not far to seek. The League is dominated by those whose political standpoint is far to the Left, and a nominally democratic republic like China makes an irresistible appeal to these gentry, who quite ignore the fact that the country is a prey to anarchy : for ulterior purposes of their own the League enthusiasts have, therefore, espoused the cause of China, have held up Japan as the aggressor, and have done their best to

precipitate an international crisis of the first magnitude.

It is well that these things should be known, for if the League is to become a mere branch of the Second International the sooner Great Britain resigns her membership of it the better. It was instituted for the purpose of avoiding crises, not for that of producing them, and, if its attitude towards the present trouble in Manchuria is to be regarded as a precedent, the time has certainly arrived when for the safety of mankind the League of Nations must either be ended or mended.

The Spanish Anarchy

A Spanish correspondent, who, for fear of reprisals on the part of the Republican authorities, prefers to remain anonymous, writes as follows :—

"Events in Spain are moving with a rapidity which is surprising even in that dramatic country. The general trend toward division is becoming more and more defined, and as the mountain of discontent rises between the different parties their recoil from each other gathers pace and momentum. The problems of the government are multiplying, and four months of law-framing by the Cortes have failed to bring peace and order to the country. The opposition, which was mute and inert a short time ago, is now active and articulate, and the present-day rulers are derided and ridiculed in songs and tags and papers.

"Labour troubles continue to disturb trade and to imperil still further the economic condition of the country, which was lately described by the Minister for Finance as 'horrifying.' All work at the port of Almeria was paralysed by a general strike during which the civil guard had to be called upon to restore order by a show of force. Similar disturbances took place at Palencia in the north of Castile, where the Guard of Assault, a force recently formed and trained by the Republic, came into collision with the workmen, and bullets and stones whizzing through the air shattered the peace of the

district. A general strike at Algeciras has led to the declaration of martial law, and soldiers are doing the work of the town. There have been numerous isolated incidents in various parts of the country which in the aggregate combine to keep it in a state of ferment. A vessel carrying a cargo of minerals for England was shot at as it left Bilbao, and some of the crew refused to continue the journey, demanding that only those belonging to the same mercantile union should be allowed to work on board.

Robberies and assaults are frequently reported, and these have increased to an alarming extent in Barcelona during the past few weeks. The criminals appear to have intimidated the people in general, who, either from fear of reprisals or from lack of any confidence in the authorities, fail to come forward with evidence. The assault on two priests in Bilbao, which resulted in the death of one of them, has caused general indignation, but no arrests have been made. A priest, who is one of the deputies to the Cortes, was attacked in Madrid and severely handled by two men accompanied by two women who insulted him. Communist agitators and communist pamphlets have caused repeated disorders. A meeting of the party for Revision held at Palencia was attacked by Socialists, and a scrimmage ensued which was only broken up by charges from the civil guard. On the return to Burgos of a section of the demonstrators, there was renewed fighting and the civil guard fired on the crowd in order to disperse it. A woman onlooker was accidentally killed."

The Republican Tyranny

"MEANWHILE, the government, powerless to maintain its position by prestige and general support, is forced to resort with increasing frequency to those methods of force which it ostensibly came to abolish. The law for the Defence of the Republic is appealed to, and is a convenient legal cloak for turning every difficulty into

an emergency. An example of its working was given in Madrid on the first night of a play of so anti-clerical a character that the management of the theatre foresaw trouble, in spite of the fact that the Cortes have voted by an overwhelming majority the most stringent anti-clerical laws, and that this Cortes is alleged to be representative of Spanish opinion. The theatre was surrounded by police, detectives and Guards of Assault, and those who hissed the play or expressed their disapproval in a more energetic manner were imprisoned and only released on the payment of a fine.

"Fines are inflicted for such petty reasons as the weaving of the *fleur de lys*, or the display of the former national colours, and prominent members of the community are imprisoned on mere suspicion. The Marqués de Estella who was lately subjected to this indignity, has declared his intention of replying to the charges brought against his father, the late Primo de Rivera. The by-election which he contested some weeks ago is of particular significance in that he lessened the socialist majority by about one half and this in spite of his last moment decision to stand and the universal popularity of his opponent, Don Manuel Cossio.

"Hard pressed on all sides and weakened by dissensions in their own ranks, the government have now provided a new distraction for the country in the trial of the King. So far as one can see the upshot of the proceedings will be merely the confiscation of His Majesty's property and the further alienation of the parties of the Right."

France and Her Neighbours

THERE is, unfortunately, a good deal of evidence to the effect that the muddy waters of Spanish politics are being troubled, for the purpose of improving the fishing, by France, or perhaps, one should say by certain French politicians of the Left. During the days of the Second Carlist War it will be remembered that French

neutrality was none too well observed, and owing to the assistance which they received from the north of the Pyrenees the supporters of Don Carlos were enabled to continue the struggle against both the First Republic and King Alfonso XII longer than would otherwise have been the case. At the present time Spanish Royalists resident on French territory are being subject to far greater restrictions than were imposed upon their revolutionary fellow-countrymen in the days of the monarchy, and there can be no doubt but that the French Left will do everything in its power to keep the republican regime in existence in Madrid.

It is, of course, only natural that birds of a feather should flock together, and the Left parties have always displayed a solidarity that is at once a lesson and a warning to those of us who are on the Right, but official France must realize that she cannot at the same time insist upon the stability of Europe at every international conference, and encourage revolution among her neighbours. In short, the right of asylum is one thing, and connivance at revolutionary agitation is another. Great Britain affords shelter to the political refugee, but only on condition that no conspiracies are hatched in these islands.

In these circumstances, it is to be hoped that the French Government will insist upon M. Briand, unhappily a man of the Left himself, turning a deaf ear to the blandishments of the Grand Orient, and will realize in time that the stability of the world can only be based upon the Right. A drastic curtailment of the activities of the *fuorusciti* would go a long way towards improving relations between Paris and Rome, while the abandonment of the underhand encouragement that is being given to the Spanish Republic would do a great deal to check Bolshevist activities in the Peninsula. France cannot pose as a conservative Power at one moment and as a revolutionary Power at another, or she will come to serious grief.

Thoughts Out Riding

By Evelyn D. Bangay

A proper king rides out to know his land—
Leather has proved itself a tougher throne
Than that of ivory with gold o'erlaid,
Translucent alabaster, fretted stone,
Smooth, strangled ebony, or cloudy jade,
Though heavy-gemmed and seeming-firm they stand.

A king rides out and finds his peoples' needs,
Jostles with crowds at hunt or tournament,
Gives judgment at the gate, points knightly deeds,
Numbers his host, reviews his regiment.

And even I ride out a king to-day,
Complacence or resistance, at command,
Obedient to my knees,
And strength surrendered ribboned to my hand.

Bright grassy seas
Sweep up on every side;
Dammed at the hedge, they break in foam and stand,
A wall of green
On either hand,
While down a sandy path between
I ride.

So, Pharaoh passed along to his defeat
In vexed pursuit, with severed water piled
Bitter and black above him there beguiled;
Only to-day to drown were almost sweet
In this luxuriant sea, so narrow-aisled
Its fertile foam is creaming round my feet.

One Thing and Another

By J. B. Morton

[Mr. Fiddington, further extracts from whose diary I have edited this month, was so busily engaged in election work that he had no time to make any entries for the earlier and middle parts of October. From occasional newspaper reports, however, one can construct a picture of his activities during that time. Accompanied by a party of young people who willingly gave up their social duties to serve their country, he retired to his native county of Leicestershire, where he was instrumental in putting the case of the National Party before the electors in his brother's district. The Conservative candidate, I am happy to say, was returned with a majority of 16,334.]

October 29th.—I believe I am not alone in thinking that the military language in which the present political situation is discussed is not very complimentary to those of the chief actors in the drama who happen to be distinguished pacifists. Those who cannot but remember 1914 are jarred when they read that Mr. MacDonald is waiting for the zero hour, and will go over the top with the good wishes of the nation. There is too much talk of drawn swords, bombshells, broadsides, battles and so on. The imagery of the battlefield is better suited to soldiers than to our progressive statesmen. At a time when Britain is leading the world towards disarmament,* it is a pity that foreign nations should be encouraged to suspect that any of our old warlike qualities survive, even in our conversation. It is conceivable that many of the politicians resent these references to storm battalions and front-line troops, and if nothing else can moderate our language, surely the presence in the new Parliament of a number of ladies ought to restrain such undignified outbursts. Only yesterday I read of a strong supporter †

* Come off it!

† Mrs. Puddock, who has just been re-elected, for the ninth time, President of the Welfare Workers' Social Activity Centre at Peacehaven. She was the first white woman to introduce bread and milk to the Gold Coast.

of the League of Nations "Bringing up all her heavy artillery." Such hyperbole may lead to misunderstandings, unless it is checked by sane public opinion.

October 30*th*.—I have been reading, in a literary weekly, a comparison of Dickens with Dostoevsky. The writer says, rather finely, I think, "What is this soul where, if anywhere, East and West meet, where the delirium tremens of a 'Sacre du Printemps' can 'sober' down in a moment to a quasi-inebriated melancholy?" A literary man whom I met at a party the other day said he had no hesitation in calling Dostoevsky the mature efflorescence of a soul thwarted in youth. He said that there was in Dostoevsky a kind of inverted isolation of ideals,* which made him share his spiritual odyssies with those whose receptivity might strike a balance between the temporal and the eternal, but that, as far as contemplation moulded his interior thought-system, there was more evidence of an urge to escape in his idealization of the true soul-concept than of any real sentimentalization of what, for want of a better name, critics have agreed to call intuition or half-conscious Being-Sense—a postulate defended so long and so bitterly by the protagonists of the old naturalism in moral problems, as against a more Liberal interpretation of all that we mean to-day by Thought-Action.†

October 31*st*.—An Austrian scientist is said to have detected breathing in tomatoes, by means of a delicate instrument.‡ Every day science makes some contribution to the sum of human knowledge. It is not quite obvious yet what advantage breath would be to a tomato, but it seems to point to a closer brotherhood between man and the fruits of the earth—especially when we recall the work of the Indian who proved that plants

* This sounds like our old friend, Schammer, the famous psychometrist.

† For a full discussion of this, *see* Prezzle's "Backward or Forward," Chap. XVII. Prezzle rejects Namby's theory of a psyche developed from race-consciousness, and goes even further than Hosker towards a redistribution of Wahlschaft's Three Concepts of Passivism.

‡ The tomatometer.

have feelings. Does a tomato go through the process of living and dying just as we do? Does it get out of breath if you move it about too quickly? Is there in some windy, draughty corner of a Worthing greenhouse, an asthmatic tomato? Do tomatoes snore at night? We need enlightening on these and many other points. And if a tomato, why not an apple or an orange? The whole question is in its infancy as yet. It is too early, for instance, to ask whether the tomato likes being ripened. If it does not, have we any right to ripen it? *

November 1st.—It seems that those who congratulated the League of Nations—and I was one of them—on its swift and determined handling of the very delicate Manchurian problem, were a little premature. All the same, many admirable speeches have been made, and the exchange of notes and letters manifests a most praiseworthy desire to do something constructive. Rome was not built in a day. The Council will meet again on November 16th, and shortly after that we may expect further efforts towards a settlement. Why not a Pact? Worse situations than this have been met by a Pact of some sort, and, indeed, it is by no means the least useful weapon in the armoury of the men who are striving to mould a better world. What is essential is that the League should not at this perilous time be subjected to irresponsible criticism, which may discourage it.†

November 3rd.—It is rather discouraging to find that Parliament will only sit for a very short time before its long holiday. One means no disloyalty, but it seems that this is hardly the time to let things drift till February. Spence, of course, says that our only hope is for Parliament to stay on holiday indefinitely, and so keep out of mischief. The worst of it is that the jubilation appears to be damped already, and it is accepted, as a matter of course, that nothing will be done till February. However,

* It has been finely said, ' The tomato is Man's little brother. We all have a moral responsibility towards it."

† Poor beast!

no doubt the Government knows what it is up to. Our part is to wait and watch, confident that something, at any rate, will be attempted sooner or later.

November 4th.—A suggestion has been made in one of the morning papers that, in future, legal proceedings should be taken against any candidate who tells a lie during an election. Mr. Spence, the cynic whom I have mentioned as offending so many people at the Club, said he thought this would be an excellent way of ensuring that nobody should be elected. He said that another very good way of ending the farce of parliamentary government would be for nobody to go to the polls. Such subversive talk can do no good to any one. From the lips of a clubman it is even more regrettable. I told Spence this, but he merely called me a codfish.

November 5th.—Everyone is discussing the curious case of the medium who is also a water-diviner.* This gentleman, clutching in his hand a small hazel twig, goes into a trance. Then as soon as he is "in touch with" water "on the other side" his twig begins to agitate itself. He does not speak, but the twig can be seen in the darkened room by the phosphorescent glow that emanates from it. So violent are the twitchings sometimes that one is led to postulate the existence of vast spirit-lakes.

November 6th.—The modern business-like attitude towards love and courtship is exemplified in the story of the American clergyman who claimed £10,000 damages from an actress who refused to marry him, after having promised to do so. The clergyman appears to have kept a detailed account of his expenses. He told the court what the various bouquets cost, for he had read about saying it with flowers. On one occasion he spent £3 on a bouquet for her. But the girl had already had three

* Before he had discovered his powers as a diviner, he was asked to get into touch with a certain maiden-lady's sister, who had died in Salisbury, and who was the widow of a clergyman. By some mischance Rabelais responded in place of the clergyman's widow. There was a *sauve-qui-peut*.

husbands, and was possibly a little tired of flowers. Her defence was that the clergyman came to her apartments and said he would throw her out of the window unless she consented to marry him. To save her life, she consented. A clergyman scorned is the very devil.

November 8th.—I have received an appeal to help with old clothes and money the indigent Croats who have been victimized by the Macedonian marauders on the Bulgaro-Jugoslav frontiers. I have replied that charity begins rather nearer home than that. Not that, anyhow, I can conceive that my money would ever reach its destination, or that my clothes would really suit the gentlemen in question.

November 9th.—I notice that the old question of extending the franchise has sprung up again. A long leading article points out that large though the majority for the National Government was, it might have been still larger if the schoolchildren had been allowed to vote.* The writer says, with great truth, that the discipline and organization which prevail in schools would have made it an easy task for masters to march the young girls and boys to the polls in large bodies, and to direct them as to the best use to make of their privilege. If such a beginning were made within the next year or two, it might be possible for us to look forward to a time when the vast numerical strength of our children would be mobilized in the nation's interest. Anyhow, those who are growing up to-day should be taught over and over again that only when he is voting for his country is man at his highest and best. Apathy must be made a criminal offence—which it is.

November 10th.—I see that the Prime Minister made a slashing speech at the Guildhall. He hit out straight from the shoulder, and even his most ardent supporters must have caught their breath as the ninepins that

* And what about animals? I know a parrot—but that is another story.

symbolize our problems were knocked down one by one. With such a man at the helm, is there anywhere where the ship of State may not sail? Those in the know tell me that we may expect something to be done at any moment now. Meanwhile nothing is more heartening than the way in which our American friends have come to the help of the poor Chinese. Considering that they have never been exactly wholehearted League of Nationites—although, of course, their love of peace has never been questioned—it is a fine example which they have set. Their stand against Japanese tyranny is a very fine piece of disinterested statesmanship, and proves that the sense of fair play is safe in the hands of our cousins over the sea.

November 11*th*.—One of the sensations of the Lord Mayor's Show was the enormous cardboard hog, representing the Spirit of British Bacon, which caught in one of the loose ropes of a flag-pole jutting out from an office window in the Strand, and dismounted the Rasher Queen. The hog was knocked through the open window on to a desk, and one of its cardboard ears stuck in a paste-pot. It was hastily removed by willing hands, and the hog was pushed through the window again, and landed in the basket of a butcher's boy, having first knocked off a policeman's helmet. The Rasher Queen, meanwhile, was helped to her feet, and scrambled on to a gun-carriage as it passed. The hog, rescued from the laughing crowd by the police, was pushed on to the lap of an alderman. The head caught in his Chain of Office, but was released later. It was then found that the paste-covered ear had come off,* and was sticking to the alderman's chest. "Say ninety-nine," laughingly remarked his companion, an older alderman. The whole incident was a mark of the good-natured spirit of the Show, and the friendly relations existing between the public and the city dignitaries. And let those who

* One leg was afterwards found stuck in a piece of drain-pipe on the Progress of Hygiene chariot.

complain that the Show is an anachronism ask themselves if the "Good Old Days" as they call them ever had anything more romantic in a procession than the Spirit of the Gas, Light and Coke Company, or the Good Fairy Condensed Milk, with her attendant Sprites, Margarine, Vitiminia, Starch, Protein, and Caloria; or than Jack the Catarrh-Killer.

November 12th.—One of the most poignant moments during the Debate on the Address must have been that during which Lady Astor drew the attention of the Prime Minister to the fact that there was not a single woman on the Front Bench. When one considers the immense influence of women on affairs during the last Government's tenure of office, this oversight is inexplicable. It is a slight, and a blunder. It seems to me that our present troubles need the touch of a woman, and her unfailing instinct. Is there no room for Mrs. Runge? Mr. MacDonald replied that he would be very glad to have half-a-dozen women on the Front Bench. Reading over his reply, however, for the third time, I am inclined to think that he was jesting. Lady Astor said she did not understand the answer, and the Prime Minister retorted that he had not meant her to understand it. A pretty piece of badinage, which shows that our rulers are not too careworn to look on the lighter side of things.

One or two points from the Premier's speech have remained in my mind. Take this, for instance: "We have to be very careful if we are going to succeed and not to fail." And this: "I hope that this will be a very short session. So far as I am concerned we will let you go as soon as you like, but, in the meantime some business has to be done." That is the businesslike note we have all waited for. "Onward" must be our watchword.

November 15th.—Mr. and Mrs. Philip Goss, of St. Mary's Road, Southend, who have just celebrated their diamond wedding, were both born in Bedfordshire. I

copied this out of the "Star," to try it on my friends. I cannot see the joke myself.

November 16*th*.—The League for the Prohibition of Cruel Sports, at the instigation, I believe, of a number of women, recently petitioned the Oxford University authorities to abolish beagling. Undergraduates are complaining that life in Oxford is becoming a tangle of restrictions, and one of them said to me, "The cruelty of hunting hares is as nothing to the cruelty of forcing young men to fall back on work as an employment for their time."

November 18*th*.—Considerable confusion was caused in Piccadilly Circus again the other day. For some years four or five patches of road have been excavated and fenced off and filled in in rotation. But lately several rival gangs have been digging up various bits of the road simultaneously, and last week one gang, by an error, dug up the piece which another gang had just filled up. It did not really matter, as the piece was due for excavation again next month, but the mistake caused a certain amount of temporary inconvenience. However, Eros will be back soon, and then the famous spot will be itself again.

Notes on the New Spain

I AM a professor, a Spaniard, and I live among middle-class Spaniards in a fair-sized city in Spain. For obvious reasons I wish to remain anonymous; otherwise it would be impossible to frankly state my views on the present Spanish situation. Quite a lot has been written already on this subject by English and Americans, but little, if anything, I believe, by my own countrymen.

One must never forget the Spanish lack of aptitude and of preparation for self-government. In the first place, nearly 50 per cent. of the population is illiterate in Spain to-day. The new government has immediately set about finding a remedy. Seven thousand schools are to be opened in October, but the question of teachers is very serious.

Secondly, the Spaniard of the villages and rural districts, which is the most common type above all in Castile, Galicia and Andalucia, is accustomed by tradition to blindly follow a "cacique," the name bestowed in Spanish politics on the political chiefs of the small towns. It is derived from the titles held by the native chiefs of the Incas of Peru. This peasant is generally very poor, of simple habits, and illiterate, although at times very shrewd and suspicious in his outlook. His share in the political activities of his village is carried on under the directions of a "señor" who, as payment for the peasant vote or for help received in the elections, protects him against his neighbours in his petty disputes, such as use of water, assessment of municipal taxes, and so on. To the peasant it is of little importance whether his deputy works for this or that cause when Parliament is assembled in Madrid. To his limited outlook laws and treaties and reforms are not of the slightest interest; on the other hand, his "cacique's" protection represents his personal security and peace. Since 1876, Cánovas del Castillo, the great Conservative statesman of the last century, and his Liberal colleague, Sagasta, fought against military "caciquismo" of the "pronunciamientos" with the

civil " caciquismo " of the political heads of the provinces, to whom they delivered their government in an extra-legal way.

But they knew that the Spanish workman (not only the manual labourer, but also the lower middle-class worker) would never amount to anything alone, nor would ever be able to avail himself of the protection of the law, which in Spain is excellent on paper, but has the defect of being dead and inapplicable in reality.

When Socialist organizations began to arise in Spain at the beginning of the century, owing to Pablo Iglesias the apostle of Spanish Socialism, and were developed during the last constitutional governments that preceded the dictatorship, Socialist committees were created that have come to replace the ancient " caciques." But when elections of deputies of the constitutional Cortes took place, the unimportant alcaldes (mayors) and " caciques " of the villages, Republicans and Socialists, employed the same violent method of procedure that their predecessors used. There have been villages in which landowners have not voted for fear, inspired by threats that they had received. In other places the lists of the results of the voting were sent to the capitals of the provinces several days ahead, to ensure the governmental candidates being elected. Again, in others, the elections have not taken place. All this has taken place with the knowledge and support of the Republican Government.

Lastly, the Spaniard is essentially an individualist. Whether because it is the fashion or because of the advantages attached to associations and syndicates, he joins them thinking entirely of his own good, never of his companions' nor of his country's good. It is quite enough for them to lose a strike, or not to achieve exactly what they had desired, for the association to be dissolved and its directors insulted and cursed.

* * * *

The different parties that until the Republic was

proclaimed called themselves plain Republicans, and whose only immediate ideal was the change of regime, are, enumerating them in order from the most conservative to the most advanced: LIBERAL REPUBLICANS OF THE RIGHT EXTREME, whose leaders, Sr. Alcalá Zamora and Sr. Maura, were actually Premier and Minister of the Interior. REPUBLICAN ACTIONISTS, patronized by Sr. Azaña, the Minister of War. The AUTONOMOUS REPUBLICANS; the RADICAL REPUBLICANS, headed by Sr. Lerroux, whose figure is the most prominent in the provisional government, for his tradition of republicanism, his energy, and at the same time his criterion of respect for order. Notwithstanding his denomination of Radical, he is the hope of the Conservative classes, who see in him the man capable of directing the reforms that Spanish laws will necessarily undergo within a juridical system. He does not confuse liberty with license, and he tries to stop the perturbing elements—Communists and Anarcho-Syndicalists—promoting disturbances. His colleagues in the Government have tolerated these disturbances (to call them by a mild name) with a leniency that is causing incalculable damage to the security and economy of the country. The RADICAL SOCIALISTS are a species of link with the real Socialist party, called in Spain the Unión General de Trabajadores (U.G.T.) or, Workmen's General Union.

These Republican groups bring minorities of about twenty or thirty deputies to the constitutional Cortes, except the Lerroux party that reaches a hundred. Now that the Republic has been established and they have to face real problems of governing, they all find that they absolutely lack a programme. They all coincide in their animosity towards the Church; at least in more or less degrees they all desire a separation from the State. But besides this they have apparently no fixed ideal and no remedies for the innumerable difficulties against which the modern State has to fight. Most of their leaders are mere conspirators who, having succeeded in overthrowing

the Monarchy against which they conspired, find that their *raison d'être* has disappeared. For facing the questions of municipal, provincial or State life, they have no more remedies than those used by their predecessors.

These Republican parties are considered bourgeois and reactionary by the workmen and in general by the proletariat. Here this latter class is infinitely larger than in other countries, and is also, on account of its extreme poverty and lack of education, the only one perhaps capable of throwing itself into the fight at a given moment. Before the elections of April 12, which so triumphantly brought in the Republic, the Republican parties made an alliance with the Socialistic ones for the purpose of the polls, and, as a unique example in the history of Spain, they preserved their unity. This fact gave them the victory, but since then there has been great disappointment felt, and the working classes have shown their disillusionment in the numerous points where their hopes have failed. For the elections of the constitutional Cortes the Republican-Socialist Coalition was maintained in many places, but, in those where it was broken, the Socialists obtained large majorities of the seats.

The position of the SOCIALIST PARTY is approximately that of the Second International, and its programme corresponds to that of European Socialism. Its characteristics consist in a sense of constant and progressive evolution towards socialization of lands, banks, mines, railways, and so on. It is a government party minded to achieve its immediate aims through democratic and legal channels, making its weight felt in the country's politics by means of its 130 deputies, the biggest group in the present Assembly, and by its organization, which extends nearly throughout the country.

But the Spanish Socialistic party has a terrible rival: the ANARCHO-SYNDICALIST party, called the NATIONAL CONFEDERATION OF WORK (C.N.T.). Taking advantage of the state of indiscipline and disorder which followed

the establishment of the Republic, this party has acquired a membership of almost 800,000 workmen. Also following its banners is the whole proletariat strength of Catalonia —the old Syndicato-Unico. Its leader, Angel Pestaña, has recently declared in the Ateneo of Madrid, that they do not admit any kind of transaction with the bourgeois classes as the Socialists do, and that they will work for the conquest of power and the establishing of the Anarcho-Syndicalist state, as only through a bloody revolution can they obtain the fulfilment and consolidation of their ideals. This is the real peril of the Spanish Republic. The Spaniard, who is essentially an individualist and an anarchist, will never achieve a state of Communism, but he will follow with delight the phantom of Anarchism. Social distribution, of which the Spanish workman is constantly speaking, confounding it with its antithesis, Russian Communism, is their true ideal. To take possession of riches and to divide them equally in order that each may do as he wills with his own property, either destroy it, or spend it, or keep it—is their childlike point of view; they have not yet reached a constructive ideal for the future. "The Day of Distribution" will be for them an eternity, a perpetual never-ending day, when everyone will be apportioned something, something private and exclusive and ensuring independence from others.

This is the rival of Socialism; a rival that is very dangerous to the future of the Socialist party, since it was agreed when the latter's last congress took place, that in the case of power of government being offered to the Socialist party it ought to accept, provided that its deputies and Central Committee so resolve it by common consent. Don Julian Besteiro, who represents the moderate tendency within the party, set forth the dangers involved by taking over the government, but when put to the vote the opposite opinion triumphed. Sr. Besteiro was correct. Should the Socialist party plunge into governing with its present minimum programme, which

would probably be the only one acceptable to other more moderate parties whose aid would be required, the whole population of workmen and peasants would join the Syndicalist party. This latter party offers them immediate results.

On the other hand, the COMMUNIST party has but little to expect in Spain. The idea of living in community or of sharing something in common with others, is the most adverse to the individualistic Spanish mentality. The phrases "Distribution of Property" and "Communism," admittedly most contradictory, are synonymous in the uneducated Spanish workman's vocabulary. But the day in which these phrases were translated into action, Spain would a hundred times rather become Anarchist or be reduced to atoms than turn Communistic.

"PATRIOT."

Horse Sense*

By Cecil Aldin

I ALWAYS read Edgar Wallace at bedtime, his murders and mysteries act upon me as a soporific—but, for some unaccountable reason, the supply of his books had run out (publishers please note), and I picked up "Hard Up on Pegasus."

For some months my doctor had ordered my bedtime for ten o'clock, but that night, unfortunately for him, although fortunately for me, I chuckled and read, and read and chuckled, until one o'clock in the morning, when I finished the last page of this delightful book.

What a relief it is to get an author who deals with riding and hunting with that keen sense of humour which brings back so vividly our happy hunting memories. Do we not all know Mrs. Lane and Mrs. Gyde? Have we not all met these characters in the flesh out hunting? It is like meeting old friends. I laughed and laughed at the author's original way of expressing himself, and must have kept every-one else in the hotel awake with my irrepressible guffaws. Major Pollard does not give a collection of hackneyed hunting phrases or epigrams, but has a delightful and inimitable style of his own. The book deals with many sides of horsey life—The Hunting Field, Children's Shows, Point-to-Points, Buying a Hunter, Ailments, etc., etc.—all from the sportsman-humorist's point of view.

His delightful little raps at the Shooting Syndicate—("Who are they?" inquires the Hyde girl in a tone usually kept by lady gardeners for slugs")—and his caustic remarks on other unpleasant characters we often meet, keep us smiling, for do not we of the hunting field know them all so well?

To quote a few of his descriptions may be permissible. His picture of the usual Show Challenge Cup is so true. "This is a colossal cup modelled in the bunion style of

* HARD UP ON PEGASUS. By HUGH B. C. POLLARD. Illustrated by GILBERT HOLIDAY. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.)

English silversmiths. Wherever there was room for a bit of really tasteless ornament on the silver shell it has been most expensively applied. The lid is crowned with the effigy of a man on horseback brandishing what is apparently a small hockey stick. The horse is deeply pitted with tool marks meant to indicate hair, but suggesting a series of incisions for fistulous withers. It is poised on a sort of silver salad, the individual leaves of which are about the size of the horse's hocks."

Then again, a horsey character. "A grim, broad-shouldered, little man, with a back view like Tattersall's on Monday. The young point-to-pointer weighing out, "as it is certain he will have to carry pounds of lead, infinite care is taken to secure him a pair of merry-thought racing spurs weighing next to nothing."

Buying a horse—"A little feeling along the legs is like a lesson in elementary geography—there are promontaries, capes and peninsulas."

About Tattersall's—"The architecture of the celebrated sale yard reminds one of those gloomy engravings of Roman ruins which hang in doctors' waiting-rooms."

And concerning hats—"Experience has proved that the top-hat is not only safer to fall into, but far, far funnier." And lastly, and how true this is—"Nothing will, however, eliminate the dark superstition of stud grooms, and we still meet the individual who has the Fresian cattle pushed out of sight of the equine marriage ceremony on the ground that he does not want any 'blanked piebalds' on his books." But one could quote indefinitely.

It is not often that we get hunting literature of this description; it strikes an original note and has a "punch" to it that keeps us reading because we feel at once that the author is a horseman, knows all about shooting and fishing, and is in fact a thorough sportsman in the best sense of the word.

If he talks as he writes I should like to meet Major Pollard out hunting—for then blank coverts and long

draws would become just amusing episodes. A delightful companion he must be, for he has given us such a cheery collection of horsey pen pictures.

Major Pollard has made just one slight slip and that is when he says, on page 54 : " policemen try to prevent a steady trickle of determined boys and women from leaking on to the course by *unpaying* economical ways." No point-to-point committee are ever allowed to charge entrance money—except for motor-cars.

The sportsman who reads this book will also appreciate the delightful illustrations by Gilbert Holiday. When both author and artist are hunting-men and experts at their work, its success must be assured.

Look at the picture of the young hunting enthusiast giving instructions for the care of his horse before going in to get refreshment after a long wet day. Mud and dirt are over everything, and yet, underneath it all, we see his well-turned-out kit ; he just looks as if he has had a soaking day and yet enjoyed every minute of it. A soldier and a man. In real life every sportsman is *not* made on one pattern, and we see here the various types truly portrayed in text and illustrations. They look like the hunting people we meet, for they have not *all* a good leg for a boot, and are not all turned out in exactly the same mould.

Nothing annoys me more than to see hunting pictures where every man and every horse is the ideal pattern. We never see this in real life. Gilbert Holiday's horses and men have character as well as good draughtsmanship.

" Hard Up on Pegasus " should be on the front shelf of every sportsman's library and his guests will never have a dull moment when the frost sets in. It is undoubtedly the most amusing hunting book published this season. You cannot put it down.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :

BIOGRAPHY

LORD ROSEBERY. MARQUESS OF CREWE. (Murray. 42s.)
FEAR AND BE SLAIN. GENERAL J. B. SEELY. (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.)
LIFE OF ROBERT MARQUESS OF SALISBURY, 1886–1892. LADY GWENDOLEN CECIL. (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.)
BRYAN COOPER. LENNOX ROBINSON. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)
ISABELLA OF SPAIN. W. T. WALSH. (Sheed and Ward. 15s.)
MUSSOLINI. SIR CHARLES PETRIE. (Holme Press. 5s.)

CRITICISM

PERSONALITY IN LITERATURE. R. H. SCOTT JAMES. (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d.)
VOTIVE TABLETS. EDMUND BLUNDEN. (Cobden-Sanderson. 10s. 6d.)

GENERAL.

THE FIFTH ARMY. GENERAL SIR HUBERT GOUGH. (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.)
ANTI-COMMANDO. VICTOR SAMPSON AND IAN HAMILTON. (Faber and Faber. 15s.)
THE LONDON BOOK OF ENGLISH PROSE. BONAMY DOBRÉE AND HERBERT READ. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)
AN INNKEEPER'S DIARY. JOHN FOTHERGILL. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)
THE SOUL OF MALAYA. HENRI FAUCONNIER. (Elkin Matthews and Marriott. 9s.)
THE MILNER PAPERS. CECIL HEADLAM. (Cassell. 30s.)
THE MEANING OF ART. HERBERT READ. (Faber and Faber. 3s. 6d.)
A LONG CHRISTMAS DINNER AND OTHER PLAYS. THORNTON WILDER. (Longmans. 6s.)
NINE NINES. HILAIRE BELLOC & T. DERRICK. (Oxford University Press. 6s.)
CONFESSIONS OF A KEEPER. D. S. MACCOLL. (Maclehose. 12s. 6d.)

FICTION.

THE WILD ORCHID. SIEFRED UNDSET. (Cassell. 8s. 6d.)
OUR STREET. COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
THE MOTHER. NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. (Gollancz. 6s.)
GREAT AMERICAN SHORT STORIES. Edited by STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Benn. 8s. 6d.)

THRILLERS.

TRAGEDY AT TWELVETREES. ARTHUR J. REES. (John Lane. 7s. 6d.)
DEATH TO THE RESCUE. MILWARD KENNEDY. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)
THE SWEEPSTAKE MURDERS. J. J. CONNINGTON. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)
DEATH ON THE PACK ROAD. HENRY HOPE. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)

Reviews of Books

THE WORLD CRISIS. THE EASTERN FRONT. By the Rt. Hon. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. (Thornton Butterworth. 30s.)

IN his previous volumes on the "World Crisis" Mr. Churchill has given us, not consecutive history, but a brilliant series of historical tableaux—pieces of history of which he was witness of the making. Those books might be called a string of historical diamonds, each facet reflecting Mr. Churchill. In this new volume he becomes the detached historian, and his material, instead of being the product of personal experience, is made up of published records. If others, as the preface shows, have helped him to sift and assemble the data, its presentation has lain with him. And the way he performs it is a fresh proof of his power not only in scene painting but in analysis and synthesis. In view of his multitudinous activities, it is a marvel how well he handles such a complex historical task. If he enjoyed more time it might have been better still, for its permanent value is to some extent impaired by its uneven proportions.

Three-tenths of the volume are spent in bringing the story to the outbreak of war. That is a justified proportion, and Mr. Churchill uses it to trace the Balkan origins of the war in a way that clearly brings out the responsibility of Conrad and Berchtold, and the greater responsibility of the Kaiser and the Wilhelmstrasse for "unleashing" their allies at the critical moment. One's chief criticism is that the account hardly considers, and entirely fails to emphasize, the influence of the German military party.

Five-tenths of the book are devoted to the opening battles down to the beginning of 1915. But then the rest of the war in the East is recounted with a brevity that leaves one rather breathless. The tremendous drama of the 1915 campaign, well as it is sketched, seems the more sketchily treated by comparison with the preceding chapters on minor battles. One would have liked more about Brusilov's offensive in 1916, and much more about the ultimate collapse of Russia.

For what we have received we are grateful, especially for the lucid narrative of the terrific opening collision between Austria and Russia, which is known as the Battle of Lemberg. "Tannenberg" is told still better, although it is not so fresh as Mr. Churchill implies, and there are a few slips. "In Moltke's laden mind arose a now famous image"—that of Hindenburg. But, actually, Moltke's mind would seem to have been turned first on Luden-

dorff, the chief of staff, and to have regarded the choice of his nominal commander as a matter of secondary importance. Again, in support of his contention that General von François is now "accepted in German military circles" as the main instrument of victory, Mr. Churchill adduces the photograph of the Tannenberg decennial celebrations "in which François is accorded the place of honour, even Hindenburg himself . . . being proud to sit on his right hand." But in the photograph Hindenburg is actually to the left of François, and is, obviously, occupying the seat of honour!

Mr. Churchill has some suggestive reflections on matters outside his main theme. Thus he suggests that the most real effect of the successive Hague Peace Conferences was that they "set every General Staff thinking, and fomented much suspicion." That is what many discerning observers feel to be the chief, and worst, effect of post-war Disarmament Conferences. Again, he offers a searching criticism of Liberal foreign policy, not only pre-war, when he suggests that Grey "sought to play too prominent a part upon a stage that had become too deadly." If we were not prepared to run the same risks as the other actors, ought we not to have stood more aloof?

In regard to the war itself, Mr. Churchill brings out most effectively, and truly, the interplay of the various theatres. He reminds us that Turkey was cut off from her allies until Serbia fell, and that this separation played on the nerves of the German command; so much so that our Dardanelles attack, belated and bungled as it was, sufficed to upset their plans for 1915. It might have saved Serbia, too, if G.Q.G. and G.H.Q. had not conspired to thwart every sane diversion from the folly of bull-at-a-gate strategy in the West. By this short-sighted stupidity we threw away the ideal lever for loosening the foundations of German strategy.

B. H. LIDDELL HART.

INHERITANCE. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (Benn. 10s. 6d.)

THE man who honours his forbears deserves the respect of posterity; for we are all creatures of heredity and environment, and the story of every man's life is a link in the history of the race. No one, therefore, who has any appreciation of the proper art of autobiography will quarrel with Mr. John Drinkwater for devoting the first volume of what promises to prove a very extensive record to the picturesque anecdotes and characteristics of his grand-

parents on either side—men of the countryside, the road, and the market place—farmers, coach-proprietors, inn-keepers, and shop people—the commercial background of old England, and (within their limits) the very salt of the English soil. They make a goodly company, solid, jovial, prosperous, and self-respecting; and in a subtle and utterly unself-conscious fashion, Mr. Drinkwater suggests the various ways in which their tastes and habits have influenced his own, so that the making of a poet of peculiarly English quality is foreshadowed in the world of coach-box and settle, of covertside and church porch, to which these goodly yeomen and traffickers bore faithful allegiance all the days of their life.

The Drinkwaters and the Beck Browns were both Midland families, with a close connection with Oxford; and it was at Oxford that the autobiographer's father, who had won honours at Merton, derived that taste for literature and the drama which tempted him to throw up his post as schoolmaster and take to the road, in a different fashion from his forefathers, as actor in a travelling company. He began with Shakespeare and old English comedy, sharing rooms with Lyall Swete, but he was soon helping to make history as one of the first managers to produce Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays in the provinces, playing Bluntschli in "Arms and the Man" and Marjoribanks in "Candida." The country theatre was not yet ripe for Shavian wisdom, and the company, says Mr. Shaw himself in a letter to the actor's son, "was soon deep enough in my debt to enable me to extricate your father by offering to cry off my fees, if he would cry off the tour, which he accordingly did." It is the common fate of the pioneer, but the blazed trail still stands.

So Mr. Drinkwater sets his stage for the full record of his own experiences; and the setting is packed with colour, with character, and with "period" decoration. The details are not overdone, the grouping is skilful, the general picture is orderly, serene, and inviting. There is every promise here of an autobiography that will faithfully reflect the spirit of an age, and survey an inheritance of lasting value to the literature of its time.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

REMOTE PEOPLE. By EVELYN WAUGH. (Duckworth. 10s. 6d.)
MISOGYNY OVER THE WEEK-END. By RONALD MCNAIR SCOTT. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THE week-ends of the world, slightly to adapt Walter Pater, have come upon Mr. Evelyn Waugh and Mr. McNair Scott, and

they are a little weary. In "Remote People," Mr. Waugh gives us his impressions of the recent coronation of the Emperor of Ethiopia, and of Kenya, the Congo, and other African districts. He sees everything with his own eyes; his account of the coronation is full of those exact details which a journalist, writing according to a preconceived idea of what such an affair should be, would miss. Aden, Kenya, and the other places he visited are all presented as they appeared to him, a rare feat which makes one regret that Mr. Waugh does not possess enthusiasm as well as sincerity. "I am constitutionally a victom to boredom," he writes, "but never in Europe have I been so desperately and degradingly bored as I was during the next four days." By repeated acts of will he raises himself out of his boredom, but it is always there to engulf him when he relaxes. The title of the book, in spite of all its observation and wit, ought to be "Through Dullest Africa." Even in the uplands of Kenya, exhilarated by the keen atmosphere, he can find no more stimulating image than "the air fresh as an advertisement for tooth paste."

The boredom of Mr. McNair Scott is more superficial than Mr. Waugh's, at present, and is perhaps only a mask over a real interest in his disillusion with women and the world generally. "Misogyny over the Week-end" is Peacock modernized, the setting a country house in which a number of characters discuss life and exemplify several varieties of sexual experience. The young people, Denis, Cecily and Rodney, have not much life, and are excessively self-conscious, without much self to be conscious of. But two of the middle-aged characters, Monsieur de la Fure and Miss Jornson, are realized with great gusto. Monsieur de la Fure's duel in a theatre on boat-race night with a rowing blue, their weapons umbrellas, is excellently told. Miss Jornson, the ferocious feminist, at cross-purposes with Cecily in a wood, sticks in the memory as a symbol of emotion made grotesque by misdirection. She is one of those figures which an author creates to be the whipping-boy of his own discontent with life and himself. We hope Mr. McNair Scott will escape from this discontent, and become more genial without losing the wit and delicate observation which make the Peacockian dialogue of this book so delightful.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

BERNARD SHAW. By FRANK HARRIS. (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.)

THIS biography is the last of Frank Harris's contributions to his bank balance. Unfortunately he has not lived to enjoy the proceeds of his ingenuity. Nearly two years ago, as appears from the correspondence between Bernard Shaw and Frank Harris printed at the beginning of this volume, Harris wrote and asked Mr. Shaw to supply him with material for a biography. Mr. Shaw refused, but Harris persisted, and in the end Mr. Shaw yielded. Opinions may differ as to Mr. Shaw's wisdom in yielding. On the one hand, he was faced with the certainty that if he did not give Harris an account of himself as a lover, Harris would furnish the world with his own conception of Mr. Shaw in that incapacity, for capacity in that direction has always been denied to Mr. Shaw by Harris. On the other hand, he had to face the embarrassment of being more communicative about his private life than could have been agreeable to his feelings. As Mr. Shaw had read Harris's account of his own sexual experiences, it is not surprising

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that he decided to pillory himself, as humanely as possible, rather than be dragged to a pillory of Harris's own construction. It was really a choice between vaccination and small-pox, and one cannot blame the great anti-vaccinationist for choosing vaccination. There is much of interest in the book in addition to Mr. Shaw's account of his relations with women; but the most interesting thing is the extraordinary relationship, revealed in all its phases, between two men so entirely opposite to one another as Frank Harris and Mr. Shaw. HUGH KINGSMILL.

RETURN TO YESTERDAY. By FORD MADOX FORD. (Gollancz. 18s.)

THIS is Mr. Ford's third or fourth volume of reminiscences and covers the period between 1894 and 1914. Some of the material will be familiar to those who have read its predecessors. But an author is as much entitled to write his memoirs as often and as copiously as he pleases—provided he infringes no copyright but his own—as a portrait painter is entitled to paint any number of pictures from the same model. The present book, although uneven in quality, contains passages of the finest prose that Mr. Ford has yet given us. He is careful to warn his readers not to expect factual accuracy, and indeed misstatements, due no doubt to a defective memory for details, appear on nearly every page; but he guarantees, and this is the essential, the authenticity of his impressions.

The leading figures in the volume, which appears to be primarily addressed to American readers, are, naturally enough, Henry James and Joseph Conrad. But, in addition to really fine full-length portraits of these masters, we have brilliant sketches of Stephen Crane, Ezra Pound, W. H. Hudson, H. G. Wells, Mr. "D. Z." (identifiable as Wyndham Lewis), Arnold Bennett, Thomas Hardy, and many other notable figures. Some of Mr. Ford's best stories—for instance, that of Hall Caine's visit of reconciliation to Theodore Watts Dunton—are here given, after many after-dinner rehearsals, their final inimitable presentation. Although Mr. Ford is evidently a hero-worshipper as regards Henry James and Conrad, he puts down his impressions of them with so much of the artist's detachment that the reader is free to form his own opinions. Mr. Ford's account of his long friendship and collaboration with Conrad is, to this reviewer, who had frequent opportunities of seeing them together, entirely convincing. There is no doubt that Mr. Ford was of immense

service to Conrad, for whom he had an unbounded and touching admiration. His hero-worship does him credit; but he is too truthful an artist to succeed in displaying Conrad as an altogether likeable character.

Conrad's decision to write in English seems to have been due to more or less accidental circumstances, among them being an addiction to the works of Captain Marryat. Although he consented to use our language, he insisted always on writing French prose in English, a fact which has given him a unique reputation in all the smaller countries of Europe in which linguistic attainments are at a premium. After the publication of "Almayer's Folly" Conrad became the principal pet of an influential literary group who determined, at all costs, to "get him over." Like other writers, including many English masters far greater than himself, Conrad had the usual financial troubles during the early stages of his career, and made an outrageous "song" about them. He seems to have considered England and the English language—which he regarded as a language "for dogs and horses," incapable of conveying human thoughts—as being somehow to blame for his temporary difficulties. "I know that at times he was intensely miserable," says Mr. Ford, "at the thought that he, a Pole of aristocratic lineage, should have to use his pen for a living in a country where the arts are despised beyond all other human manifestations." Why a Pole, even one of "aristocratic lineage," should feel degraded by taking money as a reward for expressing his genius in the language of Shakespeare and the Authorised Version (not to speak of Captain Marryat) is not quite clear. Even at his worst, he was never a popular writer. Yet this country of clods, who despise the arts so profoundly, sufficiently appreciated Conrad to enable him to leave a fortune of over £50,000. At a music-hall, after listening to a couple of verses of, perhaps, crude Cockney humour, sung by some comedian like Harry Randall, Conrad turns to Mr. Ford and asks: "Doesn't one, in spite of everything, feel a stranger in this beastly country?" Mr. Ford adds: "That was just what I had been thinking. But, as I have said, it depressed me to have my thoughts so exactly confirmed." Unlike Conrad, who managed to put up with our "beastly" (but profitable) country until his death, Mr. Ford seems permanently to have exchanged his original fatherlands—England and Germany—for America and Provence. His friends

will regret it. But if that is the way he feels, he has undoubtedly taken the correct course.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

NEW NOVELS

END OF ROAMING. By A. LAING. (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)
MAID IN WAITING. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
MAKING CONVERSATION. By THE COUNTESS OF LONGFORD. (Leonard Stein. 7s. 6d.)
MR. AND MRS. PENNINGTON. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
AMERICAN BEAUTY. By EDNA FERBER. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
THE SPY NET. By ARED WHITE. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)
GUESTS OF THE NATION. By FRANK O'CONNOR. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)
MEN IN DARKNESS. By JAMES HANLEY. (John Lane. 7s. 6d.)

FIRST novels are often *gauche*, over-serious and ill-composed, but they usually have the advantage of being sincere and alive, and when the reviewer has read a number of competent novels by old hands, most of them as dead as doormats, it is with relief that he discovers he is reading a book which the writer really felt compelled to write. "End of Roaming" is such a book. "End of Roaming" is indeed a misnomer. The roaming of Richard Melville has no end: he is still searching for his spiritual homestead when the book closes. The book only closes when it does, one imagines, because the writer has not yet lived the remainder of his Odyssey.

The Odysseys of young men are not always of great interest. In England, in particular, when young men write their Odysseys they are often a little apologetic. They know it has been done, not once, but many times before. Mr. Laing, however, is an American. He is still, therefore, unselfconscious about his performance, and can take it seriously. He writes of Richard Melville's search for self-expression. In his youth he believes that he will find it in chemistry. He shuns love, ignores his natural gift as an artist, and remains immured in the laboratory. But when he goes to college he falls in love with an empty-headed little chit, and his rising emotion directs his attention from chemistry to poetry. Unskilled in philandering, he envisages his beloved as an immaculate ideal, and succumbs to the natural disillusionment. After seeking relief in drink, the poets of the

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'nineties and violent physical exercise, he joins an artists' colony which is seeking to restore medieval conditions of life and loses his complexes in the arms of its female founder. Growing tired of this archaic life he swings away from art to science again, and becomes assistant on a scientific paper. But the humdrum routine whets his appetite for adventure and he joins a ship as an engineer. For three years he lives on the sea until love intervening brings him to land and the altar. He is already making a name for himself as an artist when his wife is killed and his universe is once more knocked sideways. He nurses his grief removed from the world, and when he has grown calloused comes into it again to squander his savings on gaiety and a mistress. His roll runs out and the book closes as he accepts the post of chemist with his old friend the Commissioner of Public Works.

The merit of Odysseys depends much on the vitality of the Odysseus. Mr. Laing's book is alive. The experiences of his character have the quality of truth. Certain scientific sections will be Greek to many and grace to a few. The scenes in college at the fraternity dances, and the conversations, the drinks and the poems in students' rooms have a familiar and rather tired air. But the sea is always vital, and love sometimes. The voyages interest and excite, and all physical exercises, the long rides, the ski-jumping and the bathes are described with a real delight. It is an uneven book, it is a young book, but it has got life in its pages, whereas "Maid in Waiting" consists of mummies and wooden figures.

Mr. Galsworthy has suffered from hardening of the spiritual arteries. At one time he was able to look at his more favourite characters in a comparatively detached manner: he could admit that they had faults. But now he spends his time gazing up at them in almost reverent admiration. His characters were once human, they are now images. "Round Hubert Cherrell," we are told on the dust cover, "Mr. Galsworthy groups every species of intrigue in high places." But that is an exaggeration. Hubert Cherrell, an English officer, was forced in self-defence to shoot a Bolivian muleteer while on an archæological expedition. The Bolivian Government hear of it and wish to extradite him from England to face a charge of murder. Hubert's family and all his connections are naturally upset and are anxious to use what influence they can on the Home Secretary. "Every species of

intrigue," therefore, means that Mr. Galsworthy indulges himself in passages such as these, which he loves:

> "This seems to be more of an F.O. business than a Police matter," went on Sir Lawrence: "Let's go over and see old Shropshire. He must have known your father well, Con";

or

> "Look here!" said Lord Saxenden, suddenly. "If you really mean that, there's one man who might wangle you an interview—Bobbie Ferrar. He used to be with Walter when he was Foreign Secretary. I'll give you a chit to Bobbie."

Sometimes one has the uneasy fear that Mr. Galsworthy will end by writing feuilletons of high life.

At present what is particularly irritating about him is that he makes a fine type of person appear self-satisfied and stupid. He is dealing with families who have always had a member in one of the services, and are probably quietly proud of it; but he makes them all behave like Pharisees, audibly congratulating themselves on being not as other men. Dinny Cherrell, Hubert's sister, asks her uncle "What was the use of you and Hubert and Dad and Uncle Adrian and tons of others doing their jobs faithfully—apart from bread and butter?" and the answer comes: "We do what we're used to doing." Noble fellows! It is disagreeable, too, to find Mr. Galsworthy referring so frequently to breeding as though his characters are so many racehorses; and can he really be serious when he brings in sentences like: "You owe it to the British Army, Hubert," or "After all, Captain Cherrell is a D.S.O. and one of you. Englishmen don't let each other down. Do they? Especially when they've been at the same school."

But the novel has one redeeming grace. The study of the relations between marriage and insanity. The return of the mad husband to his wife and his final catastrophe are depicted with power and understanding. One is glad to have read it. Otherwise the book is so heavy that many will fall by the wayside. No better remedy for such sufferers can be suggested than "Making Conversation." Lady Longford has a pretty wit and a shrewd eye. The experiences of Martha Freke are a great deal more entertaining and even instructive than those of the persecuted Hubert.

With "Mr. and Mrs. Pennington" Mr. Brett Young analyses yet another stratum of North Bromwich society. The central figure of the novel is Susan Pennington She is the daughter of a small manufacturer and is young, pretty, half-educated and

vain. She meets Dick Pennington at a seaside boarding-house, is loved by, and marries him. He has only a clerk's wages and Susan, with time on her hands, and forced by economy to forgo the petty amusements to which she has been accustomed, falls an easy victim, in her husband's absence, to a rich young Jewish stockbroker. Dick hears of it and returns to demand satisfaction. An unfortunate series of coincidences render him suspect as a murderer, and the book ends with his dramatic and unusual trial.

Mr. Brett Young deserves a high place among modern novelists. Everything he writes has craftsmanship. He creates character and atmosphere. The Midland setting has in each of his North Bromwich novels a fresh appeal. But in "Mr. and Mrs. Pennington" there is something lacking. Compared with other novels reviewed here it can hold its own more than adequately; compared with "Portrait of Clare" and "My Brother Jonathan," it reveals want of inspiration as though he had written it mechanically in order to complete a plan.

"American Beauty" is a competent, dull, dead book. True Baldwin, who has made his millions in Chicago, returns to his Connecticut home to find the country occupied by Poles who have replaced the vitiated stock of the New Englanders. He is left on the doorstep of the old Oakes home (the big house of the countryside) while the reader is switched through the history of John Oakes, his descendants and their intermarriage with the Polacks. He is picked up again in the final chapter to play the part of *deux ex machina* by paying off the debts on the Oakes homestead. Miss Ferber must be able to write such novels as these in her sleep. The style is slovenly, the climax conventional, and the story stale.

A much better story, which has no pretensions as a serious novel, is "The Spy Net." It deals with the Machiavellian intrigues of a master German spy in Switzerland during the war, and his eventual unmasking by an American secret service man. The plot is ingenious and the action lively. It can be confidently recommended to all who have a taste for thrillers.

Finally, I would like to mention two books of short stories: "Guests of the Nation" and "Men in Darkness." Both books are written in a vigorous, unsentimental and masculine manner. Mr. O'Connor (almost inevitably for an Irishman) writes of the "bad times" in Ireland; Mr. Hanley of seamen. Mr. O'Connor retains the more balanced outlook of the two. For Mr. Hanley

gives the impression of deliberately piling horror on horror in the savage determination to lacerate his readers' sensibilities. His impulse is sadistic, yet few who finish his first story will deny to him a great, if dreadful, descriptive power. R. McNAIR SCOTT.

THE SPIDER'S PALACE AND OTHER STORIES. By RICHARD HUGHES. With illustrations by GEORGE CHARLTON. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

ANYONE who has ever tried making up stories for the most exacting of all audiences will recognize the genuineness of Mr. Hughes's. They have the directness, the inconsequence and the inventiveness, sometimes growing rather desperate, familiar to all who have ever tried to extricate their protagonists in two minutes from the complications gleefully piled up in the preceding ten. Where Mr. Hughes scores most is in the fertility of his invention, he bounds in and out of the most curious situations, taking everything for granted and nothing as odd. And with one exception, he never tries to anchor his

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fantastic furniture in the world of human aspirations and ideals. The only moral I have been able to extract from his stories is the suitability of tapioca pudding as a diet for the young. With which I am wholly in agreement.

Mr. Hughes, as his readers know, is not sentimental about children, an attitude which they will appreciate. His little girls (he retains enough of the small boy not to like little girls very much) are the greedy, inquisitive little creatures of real life, and not the unfledged angels of the modern educational theorist. Parents who have had enough of the trailing clouds of glory business, and children who are sick to death of the flat "niceness" and pinchbeck satire (with a nudge for the grown-up reader every time) which Messrs. Milne and Barrie have unfortunately standardized throughout what the bookselling trade calls "high class juveniles," will welcome this collection of real stories. Certainly there are neither dragons nor fairies, and no "enchantment" in the sense that reviewers overwork that word when trying to describe the tales of Mr. de la Mare. But there is something that the average child likes better and cherishes longer, the sort of preposterous reasonableness which conferred immortality on Lewis Carroll.

For his illustrations, Mr. George Charlton seems to have taken the naïve realism of the toy theatre as a model, and in this connection there couldn't be a better one. R. MILLAR.

DINNER WITH JAMES. By ROSE HENNIKER HEATON. (Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 6s.)

THE numerous admirers of "The Perfect Hostess" will not be disappointed by "Dinner with James," except that some masculine readers may complain that there is rather too little dinner and a trifle too much James, and instance this as evidence that no woman is *really* sound on the great food question. The book is described as a treatise on Sunday supper, with sundry reflections on the vanity of human nature. The practical reader may be a little distressed to find that excursions into the exotic for Sunday supper seem always to necessitate the wholesale purchase of fresh table decorations, but it would be unkind to take too literally a book which gives so much amusement, provides in "Things I have never had enough of" a new and psychologically revealing parlour game, and also solves one of the standing mysteries of English social phenomena, viz. the appalling dowdiness of a certain London store's shop windows.

"Dinner with James" may be safely recommended as an excellent Christmas present for nearly everybody except those distressing highbrows who have never learnt the elementary fact that a strong leaven of flippancy is a necessary ingredient of any real sophistication. R. MILLAR.

GERMAINE DE STAËL: THE WOMAN OF AFFAIRS. By R. McNAIR WILSON. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 15s.)

MADAME DE STAËL, the daughter of Necker, the chosen feminist among writers of the Romantic Movement in France, the heiress who married to be the wife of an ambassador, the plain woman whose impetuous passions for affairs of the heart and of politics made her famous among lovers and irksome to statesmen, the opponent of Napoleon, the mistress of Constant, the exuberant writer most of whose works languish on our shelves, has not ceased to inspire biographers. The Romantic Movement is passing, but is Madame de Staël? These people, either interested in her love affairs or in her political irruptions, of which her writings in the "age of sensibility" were a vital part, have been mainly Continental; and each of them has chosen to emphasize one side, out of the several sides, in her impulsive character. Mr. Larg, whose French work appeared in a translation in the summer of 1926, emphasized her soul, at the expense of her political importance; Lady Blennerhassett (writing in 1889, the date when her German volumes were rendered into English) concentrated on the social circumstances that gave to Madame her multiform chance, but she took a German view of Madame's relation to foreign policy.

Now comes Dr. McNair Wilson with this handsome book in order, in his turn to emphasize the political importance of the lady, but less from any national than from the historical point of view. Between her political and her unpolitical admirers it is not really necessary to choose, since it must always remain debatable exactly how far a political woman without a "party" or a "platform" can by her enthusiasm, her pen, her salon, and her itching fingers play a decisive part in politics—even in revolutionary times. Let us not grudge the author his political claims for his heroine. They present him with a point of view, and if he will resist any temptation to fancy me to be unsympathetic, the use that he makes of his coign of vision is really all that matters.

Certainly David Glass Larg, like most French writers of ability, set a standard not easy to surpass. His book is a vivid memory though unread, since it was read five years ago. Now, English letters can claim, I think, a rival worth contrasting with it; but perhaps our present author shares somewhat the impulsiveness of his heroine and emphasizes too much her political influence. It enables Dr. Wilson to make the most of Madame de Staël's famous duel with Napoleon; and, with all his political bias, he has tried to be comprehensive: to make his book a panorama as vivid as the panorama of her own meteoric life. Dr. McNair Wilson is always readable, interesting, lucid and alive. Like Madame de Staël in his eagerness, he escapes her literary flaccidity. His narrative flows. Without space even for a summary, one can only set this book above a hundred novels, adding, in justice to the author, that *Germaine de Staël* is not one of those current biographies which has become the form in which fiction is nowadays preferred. One can read it with avidity.

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